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LITTLE LILY'S RIVAL;
Or, The New Pet of the Family.

BY FLORENTINE.

Oh, Lily dear, what ails thee, sweet?
And why upon thy face
Do clouds of jealousy and fear
Each other quickly chase?
Why throbs thy simple, childish heart
With anger and dismay?
What spirit dim of sad unrest
Hath checked thy happy play?

Fair Lily answers ne'er a word,
But gazes on the scene,
And sees a rival on the throne
Where once she reigned as queen.
As yet she cannot brook the thought
That all the tender care
Her parents long bestowed on her
The baby, too, must share.

She thinks herself neglected now,
And needs must feel annoy
To mark her father's glances fall
Upon the baby boy.
She feels, as only children can,
The pangs of childhood's days;
Oh, marvel not! poor Lily grieves
To miss her mother's praise.

She sees a baby stranger claim
The homage giv'n of yore
To her alone; then wonder not
Her little heart is sore.
She finds her sun of happiness
Is suddenly o'ercast,
And cannot all at once forget
The glory of the past.

But childhood's sorrows flee away,
And Lily soon will know
That father's love and mother's love
Towards her still doth flow;
And soon her soul will fondly turn
Towards the baby boy;
And soon the rival pet will be
Dear Lily's pride and joy.

Little Lily's Rival; or, the new pet of the family.

HAZELEY MILL.

By LOUISA CROW.

CHAPTER II.—(Concluded.)

Pale as a corpse, breathless with running, and unconsciously retaining in her hand the silken kerchief, she reached the cluster of cottages already alluded to.

On a bench outside one of these, where a widow eked out the parish allowance by selling a variety of odds and ends, including table ale, two or three laborers were lounging to have a gossip and a neighborly pipe, when Katie appeared.

"To the mill! to the mill!" she frantically cried. "The door is fastened—I cannot open it—and some one is dying within!"

A few words put the astonished men in possession of what little she knew, and they began to don their hats and rouse up a sleeping blacksmith, whose services might be required to gain them admittance.

The widow had now heard the unusual stir, and she joined the group gathering around the terror-stricken Katie.

"Lordsakes, child!" she cried; "but you've hurt yourself, ain't ye? Why what's this on your pretty handkercher?"

Aye, what indeed! The prudent and pitiful woman forcibly detained the frenzied girl, while the men—their faces blanched by this dark evidence of some fearful occurrence—hurried off to ascertain what had really happened.

It was well for Katie that, despite her struggles and angry remonstrances, those kind hands detained her; for fearful indeed was the sight that met the beholders, when they had burst open the door and entered the miller's living-room.

There had been spoilers in the home of the aged couple—spoilers and murderers. On his own floor, killed in defence of his hard earnings, lay Abel Weston; and his wife, in feebly endeavoring to protect him, had perished too.

Like one stunned by the vastness of the misfortune, stood Katie, insensible to the condoling and pitying speeches of those who crowded around her, chafing her cold hands and bathing her temples; until a simple, kindly-natured lad, who worked at the mill, in a burst of sorrow for the good old master and mistress, mentioned the name of their absent nephew.

Then Katie awoke from her lethargy.

"Hugh! Oh, Hugh!" she moaned, and bursting through the throng, ran wildly down the road towards Hazeley.

"She's gone to her mother's," said one to another. "It's best so, for she'll feel it sorely. Poor thing!"

Mrs. Morris divined something amiss from her first glimpse of Katie's haggard looks, and throwing aside her work, she folded her arms about the trembling young creature.

"My child, my dear child, what is it?"

"Father!" gasped Katie, "where is he?"

Ere the mother could reply he entered, as ghastly as the girl whose eyes were fearfully surveying him.

With a shudder he raised his hands to the light, and without speaking plunged them into a bowl of water.

"Katie! Harvey!" cried Mrs. Morris, her voice unsteady with apprehension. "What has happened? Harvey, why do you not answer? Where is your jacket?"

"I have lost it," he said, sullenly.

"Lost it! But how?"

"No matter how. It is lost. Was it worth so much that you make so many words about it?"

"But there is something wrong. Oh, I am sure that there is! What is it?"

Ere a reply could be given, the tidings of the double murder were loudly told outside the window by one passer-by to another; and Katie and her mother clung together in a closer embrace, while Morris, sinking on a bench, hid his face in his hands.

When he looked up it was to exclaim in low tones, "For God's sake, Katie, never repeat to any one the words I said this morning. Why do you look at me so dreadfully, child?"

He came towards her as he spoke, but with extended arms she repulsed him.

"Father, they came through the wood—the murderers! and I crouched down and hid until they had passed."

Her mother uttered a devout exclamation for her safety; but Morris eagerly questioned,

"Did you know them?"

Katie flung herself on her knees.

"Oh, tell me it was not you! It was your dress, and I spoke your name as you went by. But no, you could not mean *this* when you said those fearful words! Father, father, say that you are innocent, or I shall die of shame and horror!"

The over-wrought girl now lay on the floor in an hysterical attack, and neighbors, who heard her cries and moans, hastened to proffer their assistance. But Morris, recovering his usual acuteness, civilly dismissed them, and aided his wife in conveying their miserable child to bed.

There for many weeks she lay in the delirium of a low fever, unable to reply coherently when questioned respecting her partial discovery of the murder; unconscious that when the doctor pronounced her recovery hopeless, Hugh Weston had stolen to her side to kiss her burning cheek, and that her own ravings, added to other circumstances unfavorably construed, had made Harvey a marked and suspected man.

No traces of the guilty parties, who had possessed themselves of a large sum of ready money, had been discovered.

It was surmised that, after securing the door and flinging the key into the mill-pool, they had made their way across the wood to some convenient retreat; but absence of any evidence—no one but Katie having encountered them—involved the affair in mystery.

In vain did Hugh offer large rewards; no one came forward to claim them. And as time went on, the belief which had arisen, none knew how, that Harvey Morris was concerned in the murder, gained ground in Hazeley.

There were more than one ready to prove that he had gone in the direction of the mill that morning deeply angered with the miller; and an old woman picking up sticks for her fire had partly overheard his conference with his daughter.

From that moment he had not been seen near Hazeley until nightfall; when, as the door of the miller's house was wrenched open, he had made his appearance without his jacket. And, in strange, as it seemed, remorseful silence, he had assisted in raising the miller, who still breathed, and carrying him up stairs.

Where had he been all this time, and with whom?

So strong were the doubts of his innocence, that he was examined by the county magistrates; but his explanation, though improbable, was possible.

He frankly acknowledged the angry feelings he had cherished, and the idle menaces to which they had given birth; and alleged that, too much annoyed to resume his work, he had gone to a small, out of the way public-house on the road-side, where he drank deeply, spending all the money he possessed; and on awaking from the stupor which followed this unusual excess, had found the jacket on which he had pillowed his head, *stolen*. That, ashamed to return home by daylight or confess his folly to his wife, he had skulked about the wood until the evening, arriving at the mill on his way home, just in time to be among the first who entered.

Although many shook their heads over this tale, yet the man's previous good character obtained his release. But he grew moody and sullen as people began to avoid and point at him, and the men with whom he worked to utter covert insinuations, to which his readiness to resent them with his fists only gave a deeper coloring.

"Mary," he said to his wife one night, "we must go away from here as soon as that poor child can be moved, or I shall be goaded into worse deeds than they accuse me of. Even you," he said fiercely, "when Katie hides her face from me, shrink away too, as if you believed me guilty. God help a man when his own wife and children turn against him."

The faithful wife put her arm round his neck. "Don't speak so bitterly, Harvey! If now and then a dreadful fear has come over me, that you went to the mill that night to ask for Katie, and a quarrel arose, only tell me that it wasn't so, and I'll believe you."

"I didn't think that I should ever have to say to you, Mary, I'm an innocent man. You ought to know me better, if no one else does."

"Forgive me, Harvey," she pleaded; and putting his arms about her as she knelt beside him, the harassed and depressed Morris forgot his manhood, and wept.

"We'll go away, Mary. Perhaps in some new home, where there's no one to throw this in my teeth, I shall get back my old spirit and work with a will. But I can't bear! I'm like Ishmael; every one seems set against me. And though I try to keep a bold front to 'em, my heart gets heavy, and I'm sick of the struggle."

So it was resolved that Harvey should start on the tramp for work the following morning, and in the course of another week his family left Hazeley also. Katie, though fearfully weak, was recovering; and was equally anxious to bid farewell to the scene of so much sorrow.

Hugh Weston, who only heard of their projected departure an hour before it occurred, hastened to the cottage, and bent over the fragile form of her he loved.

"Katie, how can I let you go away from me? But it is only for a little while, is it? By-and-by I shall come and fetch you back."

"No, Hugh, no; I must never see you again. Even if we could resolve to forget your poor uncle's disapproval, you could not marry the daughter of the man whom people——" her voice died away in a sob.

"But *I* do not believe him guilty, Katie. He came to see me before he left Hazeley, and we did not part like men who mistrust each other. You will come to me by-and-by, dear?"

But she repeated her "No" with equal firmness. "For your sake, Hugh, it must not be. If ever my father is cleared, then—but in a little while you will marry some one more suited to you in station, and I mustn't wish it otherwise." However, Katie wept bitterly as she sobbed this.

Hugh said but little more, for she was evidently unable to bear the agitation it occasioned, but his last words were, "Trust me, Katie! We're not parting forever, remember!"

And, in spite of her better judgment, she did trust him, and cherished a secret hope that they should meet again, even when a report reached her that Hugh had sold the mill and flitted to a distant county. Even when months elapsed, and no sign came from him. But these were not the days of the penny postage, and Katie felt herself amply rewarded for her faith and patience, when on her birthday, a parcel arrived by the carrier, containing a handsomely bound Church Service, and within its cover a tiny simple locket, which held a wave of Hugh's black hair.

Long before this, Harvey Morris had secured constant work at excellent wages, and Katie, restored to health, was the active and intelligent manager of a large dairy farm, belonging to a gentleman who owned a splendid estate in the vicinity of the town where her parents now resided.

And out of evil came good, in so many ways, that if she sometimes remembered the old home at Hazeley with a sigh of regret, it was followed by self-reproach. Her father, no longer the idling dissatisfied man, but sobered and steadied by what had occurred, now labored assiduously for his family.

Her mother had lost the haggard look of overwork and scant food; the boys, under better teaching and greater home care, were developing into bright lads; and one of her sisters was in training under her own kind and steady supervision.

Perhaps such thoughts as these, mingled with some secret yearnings to know if Hugh still remembered her, were in Katie's mind, as a few weeks before her birthday again came round, she stood one soft summer eve watching the setting of the sun from the little flower-garden she called hers.

But she was not permitted to indulge them long. Mr. ——, the gentleman who employed her, was about to leave England for a lengthened period, and she was to see him that night, and receive some final directions, &c.

So, gathering the wild roses and honeysuckles from the hedge-row as she went along, Katie, with a lad for a protector, went up the pretty lane which separated her domain from the garden, and entered the "great house" by the offices.

It was an hospitable mansion, and it was nothing uncommon to find vagrants seated on a bench outside, devouring the food unsparingly bestowed on all who craved it; and a ragged, footsore man limped from it as she approached, and entering the lobby with a profusion of thanks and apologies begged permission to light his pipe.

The good-natured cook brought him some matches, and he was about to turn away, when Katie, white and trembling with eagerness, clutched his arm.

"Where did you get that jacket?"

The confused vagrant tried to slip away, but flinging to the outer door and bolting it, she repeated the question.

Seeing that the servants—both male and female—were beginning to gather around him, he told a rambling story of having bought it of a mate some long time ago.

There was falsehood in his shifting eye and stammering tongue, and she followed up the inquiry with another.

"Where are the men who went with you to Hazeley Mill the night Abel Weston was murdered?"

For a moment he was startled into silence; then, declaring with a blasphemous asseveration that he knew not what she meant, he thrust his pipe and tobacco-pouch back into his pocket, and, roughly pushing her aside, sought to escape.

But Katie seized and held him firmly. "Help!" she shrieked, "help me! This man is a murderer! I can swear to the pouch now in his possession! It was Abel Weston's; and he had it in his hand when I last saw him alive."

Mr. ——, who was a magistrate, was quickly summoned, and Katie's prisoner spent that night in the county jail.

The excited girl flew rather than ran to the neat little dwelling in the outskirts of the town, where her family resided, and rushing into the room fell upon her father's neck.

"You have forgiven me long ago, have you not, for my cruel suspicions? and now, my own dear persecuted father, the whole world will know your innocence. One of the men, he who wore your jacket, is taken! How shall we find Hugh Weston? He must be sent for at once."

"Hugh Weston is already here," said a well-known voice, and Katie started up to meet his loving embrace. "I should have been with you before this," the young man continued; "but at first the success of my new undertaking was doubtful. Now, there is a home waiting for my true-hearted Katie."

"But what is this about a man being in custody?" asked the impatient Morris; and his daughter told the full particulars of her providential meeting with one of those for whose crime he had so nearly suffered.

The prisoner, seeing his danger, turned Queen's evidence; and his accomplices were seized and punished for the brutal deed they had committed; the good folks for many miles around Hazeley flocking into the county town to witness the execution of these stolid sullen murderers of the inoffensive and respected miller and his kindly wife.

When the trial was over, Hugh Weston talked of returning to his business, and it was an understood thing that he did not intend to travel alone. But Katie shook her head sadly when he urged her to fix the day for their nuptials.

"I would fain say yes," she faltered; "but the memory of those who loved us both is still very dear to me, and how can I do what I know would have angered them in their life?"

"Dear Katie," was the earnest reply; "in all that is right and just, I, too, will try to do what would have been pleasant in their eyes. But think you, that if they see us now, the same worldly motives that governed their objections to our union can influence them? Rather believe that their blessing hallows the love which time and trial has strengthened."

The argument was convincing; and after a brief visit to Hazeley, where the tears of the young couple fell fast as they wandered around the old house, and stood by the grave of Abel and Martha Weston, they were quietly united; from thence departing to found a new family of Westons in a valley as green, and beside a river as brisk and clear, as the never-forgotten stream that still turns the weather-stained wheels of Hazeley Mill.

CLAUDIA'S HAIR.

"Yes," said Claudia Wallace, with soft, liquid eyes uplifted, and coral lips apart.

"I know it is a worthy object—I always did sympathize with widows and orphans. I'm an orphan myself, you know, Miss Rivers, and I would cheerfully subscribe something if I only could. But Uncle Percy keeps me so close for pocket money. But if I can possibly get any funds, I will send them to you to-morrow morning. I'm so sorry, dear Miss Rivers. Please let me know if there's anything else I can do at any future time."

Miss Rivers swept her silken flounces out of the room, carrying her brother in her train—metaphorically, not literally—and the instant they were in the street, she burst out:

"I've no patience with that Claudia Wallace! Close for pocket money, indeed! Did you see the rings on her hand, the bracelets around her wrists? I had a mind to say I would take any one of those gaudy ornaments in lieu of a subscription."

"I am glad you did not, Hester," said her brother, severely.

"Why?"

"You judge Miss Wallace too harshly. She is all sweetness, gentleness, and compassion. I saw the tears in her eyes when you spoke of the destitution of Mrs. O'Hara—and you may depend upon it, those jewels are all gifts from her uncle, with which she is not at liberty to part."

"Fiddlestick!" said Miss Rivers. "Of all fools, men are the worst. If it were not for Claudia's straight nose, and blue, doll-like eyes, and the two little dimples on her cheeks, you wouldn't be so eager to trump up excuses for her."

"Now you are talking nonsense, Hester."

"Am I? I think not. But you'll just please to remember, Everard, that I told you, before we called here, I wouldn't give much for all the cash we should get from Claudia Wallace."

"Believe me," persisted Mr. Rivers, "you misinterpret her sadly."

"Here we are, at Miss Griggs'—Kitty is cross-eyed and red-haired, but she will give me something, see if she don't."

And Hester ran up the Griggs' door-steps, leaving her brother to his own meditation.

Presently his sister returned with a face of triumphant glee.

"Didn't I tell you so?" she cried, holding up a note. "And now we'll go home."

Mr. Rivers was indulging himself in a quiet afternoon cigar, just about dusk, when Hester popped her head into the library.

"Oh, Everard, are you there? Don't you want to do me a favor? A very great favor?"

"If it isn't too much trouble."

"Do please go around to Santarelli's, and see if my yellow wig is ready for the masquerade to-night! I can't see why they haven't sent it home! The idea of my playing 'Lady Audley' without a yellow wig!"

"Bother your wig," said Mr. Rivers.

"Now do be a darling, and go," coaxed Hester.

Everard smiled.

"Well, I suppose I shall have to go," said he.

M. Sereno Santarelli was a fashionable hairdresser, in a fashionable street, who charged fashionable prices—and he came bowing and scraping forward as Mr. Rivers entered his shop.

He professed himself "desolated beyond belief" when he heard the young man's errand.

"Mademoiselle's *coiffure* was but half completed when the stock of blonde curls gave out," he said.

"The lot they had last imported did not match it, sad to relate, but——"

"The long and short of it is that I can't have the wig, I suppose," impatiently interrupted Everard Rivers.

"Monsieur is too rash; Monsieur waited not to hear me out," said the Frenchman. "I have yet of hopes, if Monsieur will but wait a fraction of time. Francois!" to a white-aproned assistant, "bring hither Miss Claudia Wallace's hair; it is of the pale blonde like flax—it may of a possibility work in. It is not even wavy, but we may curl it with tongs. Art, manipulated by an artist, can conquer everything."

The last words were meaningless, and unheard by Everard Rivers.

"Miss Claudia Wallace's hair!"

That was all his senses took in.

He could penetrate now the mystery of her words of the morning, and his heart gave a great thrill as he recognized the royal generosity of the girl who could thus sacrifice her greatest natural ornament to a cause of charity.

"Miss Wallace's hair!" he repeated, with rising color. "Is it possible that——"

"She sent it here to be sold, Monsieur," observed the hairdresser.

"To be sold?"

Yes. He was right, Hester wrong.

His faithful instinct had been truer than her reason!

"I will take it," said he, abruptly.

"But, Monsieur——"

"I will take it—at any price."

And so he paid for the privilege of bearing away Claudia's wealth of golden hair.

Home he went, utterly forgetful of the flaxen wig.

"Have you got it?" was Hester's first question when he entered the room.

"I have got it. I paid twenty dollars for it!" he breathlessly answered.

"Twenty dollars?" echoed his sister. "Everard, you are mistaken; it was only to be five."

"Oh, you mean the wig!" said our hero, somewhat crestfallen, as he remembered the unfulfilled errand, which had so completely slipped out of his memory.

"Of course I do. What do you mean?"

"I am talking of Claudia Wallace's hair."

"Mercy upon us!" cried Hester. "Is the man raving mad? What on earth has Claudia Wallace's hair got to do with——"

"Much. I told you she was an angel, Hester, and perhaps you will believe it when I tell you that to gain money to help the poor, she has sold her magnificent hair."

"I don't believe it," said blunt Hester.

"But I know it."

"Then the world is coming to an end, that's all," said Hester, with an incredulous shrug of her shoulders. "But my wig?"

"I forgot it. I'll go back for it at once. I was thinking of Claudia's hair."

Hester looked after him in comical despair.

"Thank Providence I'm not a man," said she to herself; "and if I were, I don't believe I could possibly be as spooney as some of 'em are."

Back again through the rainy twilight dashed Mr. Everard Rivers, never staying until he once more entered the saloon of M. Santarelli, and breathlessly asked for the flaxen wig.

"Exactly; it awaits Monsieur," said Santarelli.

"You sent up the money?"

"What money, Monsieur?"

"The twenty dollars to Miss Wallace. Tell her the hair has found a purchaser—that her dream of mercy and charity may now be fulfilled—that——"

"But, Monsieur, pardon! Monsieur does not fully comprehend," bowed the hairdresser, courteously. "Miss Wallace left the hair here to be sold; it was a switch we made up for her a year ago, and she never quite liked the color. It was not a good match, she thought, and whatever it sold for was to be applied towards a new one we are now weaving, Monsieur."

Everard Rivers stared blankly at the knight of wigs and curls.

He began to perceive that he had been making a fool of himself, and in rather an expensive manner, too.

"Oh," said he, rather awkwardly, "I—I'll take the wig if it's quite ready."

He went back, considering how he could best make the embarrassing explanation of the truth to his sister.

"Hester," said he, "don't laugh at me; I've been a donkey."

"Men often are," said Hester, sagely.

"Oh, but this is worse than the common."

And he valiantly told her the true story of Claudia Wallace's hair.

To his surprise, instead of laughing, she went to him and threw both arms around his neck.

"Everard, I am so glad," said she; "twenty dollars is a cheap price to pay for being undeceived. I told you before that she was shallow, selfish, and cold-hearted. Now you will believe it, when you see that she can pay that amount for a mass of trumpery false hair, even while she complains of having no money to spare for the poor."

And Claudia Wallace never could comprehend how she lost the devoted loyalty of Everard Rivers.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

One hundred and ten years ago there was not a single white man in what is now Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, or Illinois. Then what is now the most flourishing part of the United States was as little known as the country in the heart of Africa itself. It was not till 1776 that Boone left his home in North Carolina to become the first settler in Kentucky. And the first pioneers of Ohio did not settle till twenty years later still.

A hundred years ago there were but four small papers in America; steam-engines had not been imagined, and locomotives, and steamboats, and railroads, and telegraphs, and postal cards, and friction matches, percussion caps, and breech-loading guns, and stoves and furnaces, and gas for dwellings, and India-rubber shoes, and sewing machines, and anthracite coal, and photographs, and chromo painting, and kerosine oil, and the safety lamp, and compound blow-pipe, and free schools, and spring mattresses, and wood engravings, and Brussels carpets, and lever watches, and greenbacks, and cotton and woolen factories, in anything like the present meaning of these terms, were utterly unknown. A hundred years ago the spinning-wheel was in almost every family, and clothing was spun and woven and made up in the household, and the printing press was a cumbrous machine, worked by hand, and a nail, or a brick, or a knife, or a pair of scissors or shears, or a razor, or a woven pair of stockings, or an axe, or a hoe, or a shovel, or a look, or a key, or a plate of glass of any size, was not made in what is now the United States. Even in 1690 there were only seventy-five post offices in the country, and the whole extent of our post office routes was less than nineteen hundred miles. Cheap postage was unheard of, and had any one suggested the transmission of messages with lightning speed, he would have been thought utterly insane. The microscope on one hand, and the telescope on the other, were in their infancy as instruments of science, and geology and chemistry were almost unknown. In a word, it is true, that to the century past have been allotted more improvements, in their bearing upon the comfort and happiness of mankind, than to any other which has elapsed since the creation of the world!

THE QUEEN'S GARDENS.

The Royal Gardens near Frogmore are thirty acres in extent, and enclosed within a wall twelve feet in height. It is a magnificent spot, with its grand collection of plants and flowers. There are two splendid apartments for the use of the Queen, out of which she proceeds to the conservatories, which cover a total range of glass of nine hundred and twenty feet. There is a vinery one hundred and two feet long, two peach houses fifty-eight feet long, and pits for forcing lemons, cucumbers and asparagus, heated with hot water. These gardens are considered to be the completest of any on earth, and are surrounded with one thousand acres of magnificent scenery, and stocked with several thousand fallow deer. "Yonder," said our guide, "is the long walk," nearly three miles in extent, shaded all the way by a double row of ancient elms, a delightful promenade. It was planted in the year 1660, and among its other advantages is a spring of great effect in chronic diseases. In the southeastern direction you will perceive a lodge, which was for a long time the residence of George IV. It was taken down by command of that king, with the exception of the Gothic dining-hall, where at present occasional royal fetes are held. At the back of the lodge you will see a large building, called Cumberland Lodge, formerly the seat of William, Duke of Cumberland, uncle to George IV. The Queen's hunters are kept in the adjoining preserves. Near Cumberland Lodge are the schools, finished in 1844 by the Queen, for the education of the children of the employees of the royal domain. There on the other side of the Cumberland Lodge is the broad approach of the celebrated lake called Virginia Water, surrounded by a succession of delightful views, increased by artificial aid. It is about seven miles in circumference, and one mile and a half in length, and in width one-third of a mile, and is one of the largest artificial sheets of water in England.

FACETIÆ

BURR MONEY.—Nurse's wages.

A YOUNG SHAVER.—A barber's baby.

CARVERS OF THEIR OWN FORTUNES.—Butchers.

GOOD WORDS FOR THE YOUNG.—Dinner's ready.

WHERE TO GO WHEN SHORT OF MONEY.—Go to work.

THE HARDEST THING TO DEAL WITH. An old pack of cards.

A LITERARY CLASS.—Builders; they are always finishing stories.

WHY ARE CHILDREN LIKE JELLIES?—Because as they are moulded so they will turn out.

CON.—Why is a church bell more affable than a church organ? Because one will go when it's tolled, but the other will be "blowed" first.

THE weather used to get along all right until "Old Prob" went to fooling with it, and now the goosebone, ground hog and all the old signs that worked so well fail entirely.

"HERE, waiter! waiter!" called Mr. Rural, at one of our city hotels; "bring me some of Francis' potatoes." The waiter stared, and said he didn't think they had any. "Haven't any," said Mr. Rural; "much you know about your trade—here, read that." And he pointed to this on the bill of fare: "Potatoes *a la Francais!*"

"PLEASE, DON'T ASK ME."

Said the master to Mary, sweet-lipped lass,
As she stood in her place at the head of the class:
"You can, my dear, decline a kiss, without doubt?"
"I can," she replied, with a blush, and a pout—
And a glance to the master's heart deeply there shot—
"But, sir, if you please, I would much rather not."

THE spelling school *furore* has been of great help to at least one Detroiter. He has been courting a girl for three years past and hadn't the courage to speak his mind. As they were seated on the sofa the other night she referred to the spelling-school excitement and added:

"Matrimony is an awful long word to spell, isn't it?"

He leaned over, grasped her hand, and the next morning he had arrangements made to be married on the Fourth of July.

"WHY," said Mr. Dorkins to the partner of his "jaws;" "why, my love, is an old blind horse in a new harness, with H. I. B. on the blinders, tied to a post in front of the new post office, and hitched to a junk wagon with a string of cow bells and a poodle dog tied to it, and a one-legged man and a fat boy on the seat, like two orphans?"

"Good gracious sakes alive, I can't tell," said Mrs. Dorkins. "Why are they like two orphans?"

"Because," said Dorkins, triumphantly, "because they've got no farther, not even a step-farther."

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

CHARADE.

My second pertains to my first,
My first is made by my second;
If my first can rightly my whole,
He is commonly fortunate reckon'd.
FORT TOTTEN.

SQUARE WORDS.

1.

1. "Twinkle, twinkle." 2. A weed. 3. A musical term. 4. True.

2.

1. Numerous. 2. A plant. 3. A female name. 4. A division of time.
GAMMER.

ENIGMA.

When the summer is clothing the earth o'er with green,
In the wide spreading meadows I'm oft to be seen,
Undulating as graceful as waves of the sea—
Oh! 'twould gladden an anchorite's heart to see me.
Behead me, and then note the slight alteration—
I am found in the clime of a far distant nation.
In the sun's burning rays on the African soil,
I make slightest labor a burthensome toil.
Again take my head off, and great is the change,
If each day I'm not mentioned you think it is strange;
In fact, if you do not have something of me,
You will soon be past want in the slightest degree.
To decapitate now once again I'm compelled,
And a small preposition will then be beheld,
If I'm not in your boot, I'm at least in your hat,
For beyond all dispute you will find me in that.
G. NEWBERRY.

FLOWERS TRANSPOSED.

1. Waste them, Willie. 2. Who fell, Walter? 3. Te th, Susan Hopley. 4. Eat coal, Charlie. 5. Catherine's hat. 6. Aunt Rush, uncle. 7. The King's victor. 8. Cannot hear it. 9. Defunct hat. 10. Ha, love till ye fly.
W. JOHNSON.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 48.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 42, Vol. 84.

CHARADES.—1. Heart-less. 2. Time-piece.

ENIGMA.—Yesterday.

DIAMOND PUZZLE—

D
PIG
BACON
TALKING
EVERY
ONE
S

BIBLICAL QUESTIONS.—1. Huldah, 2 Kings, xxii. 14; 2 Chronicles, xxiv. 22. 2. Eleven, Genesis xxxvi. 41; 1 Chronicles, i. 51. 3. Samuel's, 1 Samuel, ii. 19. 4. 2 Samuel, xix. 18. 5. Ezekiel, v. 1. 6. Melchisedec, Hebrews, vii. 3.

THROUGH LIFE.

We slight the gifts that every season bears,
And let them fall unheeded from our grasp,
In our great eagerness to reach and clasp
The promised treasure of the coming years;

Or else we mourn some great good passed away,
And, in the shadow of our grief shut in,
Refuse the lesser good we yet might win,
The offered peace and gladness of to-day.

So through the chambers of our life we pass,
And leave them one by one, and never stay,
Not knowing how much pleasantness there was
In each, until the closing of the door
Has sounded through the house, and died away,
And in our hearts we sigh, "For evermore."

HARD TIMES!

OR,

The Real Victims of the Panic!

A Tale of the Winter of 1873–74.

By BURR THORNBURY, Esq.
Author of "Jessie Dale," "Ravenswood," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A SURPRISING PROPOSITION.

While these days were passing, Mrs. Chaswick lived all the time in fear of the reappearance of her old foe, Adaline De Graffe. She was as one over whose head hangs the sword of Damocles, suspended by a thread, which at any moment might break and let the fatal blade descend.

What further exemption might be granted her from the revenge of the relentless woman, she knew not.

The days were dark and sad to poor Mrs. Chaswick, despite the new joy she found in the companionship of Celia Burke and Nelson Chaswick, both of whom grew daily more dear to her.

The latter she felt was to defend her against the malignant Adaline, if any one could do that—she was conscious of a sense of security in his presence; and yet she feared that his power to save her from persecution and disgrace was very small.

Yet on one condition Adaline De Graffe had resolved to forbear in the exercise of her cruel power over Mrs. Chaswick, and that condition related to Nelson Chaswick himself.

We hasten to explain.

One afternoon the young man received a note, signed by Adaline De Graffe, requesting an interview with him at the Wiltons.

She had returned to the city then, he thought. It was a strange request to receive from one with whom he was personally unacquainted, and yet he felt impelled to grant it.

Accordingly, at the hour named he went. He was met by Adaline with cold, haughty but yet fascinating grace and ease. There was something strangely winning in the manner of this beautiful but soulless woman. Nelson Chaswick felt that over many hearts she might exert a dangerous power, leading them into evil from which they would shrink, did not such a fair exampler lure them on.

"I have sent for you, Mr. Chaswick," she began, in even and collected tones, "because I have something to say to you to which you will be gracious enough to listen, I am sure, as it intimately concerns your very dear friend, Mrs. Agatha Chaswick. From her, I presume, you have already learned who and what I am; yet she has left unsaid some things as surprising as those she uttered. She did not represent to you that I am a character the most worthy, perhaps, and yet I trust that she has not so filled your mind with prejudice against me that it cannot be disabused of such impressions."

She paused, and the young man remained silent, waiting for her to continue the communication, of which this was the preface.

Adaline soon went on:

"I hold over Agatha Chaswick, as you may already know, an extraordinary power, by the exercise of which I may, if I choose, accomplish her ruin and disgrace."

"To attempt which might result in your own deserved overthrow," spoke Mr. Chaswick, warningly; "for Agatha Chaswick is innocent of the cruel crime you so basely charge upon her."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "you are biased in her favor, I see. You cannot think of her except as a being of perfection. But no matter what the facts of the case may be, I hold in my possession proofs which, if laid before a court, would certainly result in her conviction."

"Are you mad, Adaline De Graffe, that you can thus so coldly hint of the dark revenge you would wreak upon an innocent person?"

She smiled strangely.

"I am *not* mad," she replied, "unless to feel a blind and bitter spirit of hatred and despair, is madness—to feel it—blighting, burning forever and forever, as if I could find no peace."

"It is but the heraldry of a deeper unrest, I should say. Turn from your sins, repent; forgive and be forgiven. I pity you, Adaline De Graffe. Your life, that should have been beautiful, like your person, is blighted like your soul. But there is time yet for repentance and peace."

"Yes, yes," she said quickly, "*you* may think so, but you cannot conceive how barren and monotonous the ways of life would be to me if I were to tread them only as the penitent does. Pain and tears! tears and pain! Ah! they are not sweet; it is revenge that is sweet. It is revenge that I will have."

"If you are not indeed mad, I pray you to abandon these wicked thoughts."

"Only on one condition—of which I have before hinted to Agatha Chaswick will I give up my purpose of revenge."

"Name it."

"It would not be acceded to, I fear."

"With whom does it rest?"

"With you!"

"With me!"

"It does, sir."

"Again I ask you to name it?"

"First let me state what would be the happy results of an acceptance of the proposition. They are the surrender of my designs of enmity toward Agatha Chaswick, the restoration of her lost child——"

Adaline paused, not as if she had finished, but as if to make some mental measurement of the effect her next announcement would have upon her hearer.

Nelson Chaswick stood silent.

"*And the restoration of your birthrights to you,*" she added, in a low, impressive whisper.

He started in wondering incredulity.

"You mock me," he gasped.

"No," she said quietly. "Do as I desire you to do, submit to the one hard condition I impose upon you, and all these shall be."

He regarded her in amazement, with which now began to mingle a tinge of suspicion.

"This woman, if she be not mad," he said to himself, "has some deep, dark purpose in her heart." Then aloud, he added:

"What is it you ask of me?"

"I ask you to give me your hand in marriage," she replied, with unchanged countenance.

The effect of this surprising, not to say audacious proposition upon the young man was curious to observe. He knew not whether to regard her as demented, or as sane, with some crafty, ulterior purpose concealed in her mind. His eyes searched hers, and the answering light he found in them was surely not that of a distempered intellect, but rather the evidence of the spirit of a cold and crafty schemer.

"Marry you!" he exclaimed, after that quick, searching gaze. And he involuntarily shrank from her as if in repulsion.

"Yes," she said, calmly; "marry me, love me, save me; avert ruin and disgrace from Agatha Chaswick; give her the late joy of clasping to her bosom the child from whom she has for so many years been separated; give yourself——"

"Woman," interrupted the young man, almost fiercely; "if you were not a demon you would, without conditions, undo the wrong you did that lady. And yet you have the unheard of audacity and indelicacy to ask me to consent to a sacrilegious marriage with you! I do not longer think that you are a creature to be pitied alone—you are as sane as I, and have formed in your mind some dark and dangerous purpose, which I could guess, were it not for a single opposing fact."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, in her imperturbable way. "But," he continued, "I place little reliance on your promises and assertions. I do not think the secret of my parentage lies with you. I do not think you would be willing to let Agatha Chaswick go free from your further persecutions. But I warn you, as relates to that matter, that you had best desist. The crime which you charge upon her—the unnatural crime, which it is impossible she should ever have committed—may yet be proved upon yourself."

"There is no possibility of that," she rejoined, unmovedly. "Refer to it no more. Accept the proposition I have made you, and I solemnly declare to you that what I have promised shall come to be."

"I do not give one moment's consideration to it," he returned, with infinite scorn. "I have already demeaned myself in granting you this interview, but I came to you, first in the hope that I could prevail upon you to surrender your hatred of my friend; secondly, failing in the first, to warn you that any further persecution of her will be at your own peril."

"Threats, idle threats!" she exclaimed.

He turned from her as if to end the scene.

"I will give you a week to reflect upon the proposition I have extended you," she said. "Consult your dear friend, Mrs. Chaswick, in the matter. Remember that all I have promised I can perform."

"Have you finished?" he inquired.

"I have, sir."

"Permit me to bid you good evening, then."

He bowed coldly, and was gone.

In the street he could hardly continue to realize that he had met the mysterious Adaline De Graffe. And yet as he passed along, the wildest, strangest thoughts arose in his mind, born of his interview with her. It was not her surprising proposition of marriage that he was considering—that he thought of only with scorn—but a perplexity that had a sweetness in it.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CLOUDS AGAIN.

The Woodsons did not hear again from Mr. James Colville. And no wonder, for his "Christmas Act" of kindness and justice to them had been followed by a terrible affliction to himself and family.

He had in a measure recovered his physical health, and his mental depression had also vanished. He was not yet strong enough for any business, but he insisted that he was, and was anxious to attend to the arrangement of the confused affairs of his partnership. He accordingly subjected himself to new excitements and anxieties, when, if possible, he should have had entire mental quiet. The revelations made day by day shocked and sickened him. He saw how he would inevitably have to stand before the world—a ruined man, with tainted honor; though the fact of his ruin exonerated him in the eyes of those most charitable. At last he was so unfortunate as to learn that the deliberate cheating of a poor depositor—it was the case of Mary Woodson—was charged upon the dishonored house in which he was a partner.

In his enfeebled condition, he was most powerfully and painfully affected by the circumstance.

Was such a story told of him as a member of the firm? and was it true? Investigation and inquiry proved that it was. James Colville would have died rather than deliberately wrong another. To have it whispered that he could connive at such a thing as taking the deposit of a woman of limited means, when it was known that suspension was inevitable, again affected his reason. But strange to say, his madness took the form of unnatural exhilaration. When his daughter returned from her daily duty at Merle's the evening preceding Christmas, she was greeted by him with unusual fervency.

"I have done it, Eva," he said, joyfully; "that is, all I could do just now. I'll attend to the rest very soon."

"What have you done, papa?" she asked, curiously, not at once observing the strange expression in his eyes.

"I have sent a portion of that wronged woman's deposit back to her. She shall have it all in time."

Something in his tone struck Eva as unnatural. She looked at him closely, and her heart gave a great, frightened leap.

"Oh, papa!" she exclaimed; not to him, but pityingly to herself, seeing his condition.

Then she strove to appear calm, and to direct his thoughts from what she believed must be an imaginary transaction.

"Where are mamma and Lucy?" she ventured to ask, for she wondered if they yet knew the true state of mind in which he was.

"I have just come in," he said. "I do not know. Never mind where they are, Eva. I want to tell you all about how I got the money to send. Mr. Willis loaned it to me—he is going to loan me a hundred thousand——"

"Please, papa, don't talk," pleaded the distressed girl. "Come with me upstairs. "Oh, what will poor mamma think!" she ejaculated, to herself. "Trouble has driven papa mad—he is not himself at all. There is such a strange, unnatural look of joy in his face—it is only a false gladness. Come, papa," she said, taking his hand.

He had been running on with his wild, sanguine speech, assuring her that the way to fortune was open again.

Eva managed to persuade him to go with her, though he was more inclined to remain where they were, and acquaint her with his grand new plans for retrieving his business losses.

When they reached the sitting-room, Mrs. Colville saw at a glance that new trouble was upon that household. An exchange of alarmed, significant looks took place between mother and daughter, each assuring the other that the truth was comprehended.

We need not picture the distressful scenes that followed. The wretched husband and father was conveyed to quarters appropriate for one in his sad mental condition, while his family were left to sorrow for him with a sorrow that is bitterer than common grief.

He might recover the physicians said; but he must have quiet for a long time.

It soon transpired that in the first hours of his derangement he had applied to a business friend for a loan of fifty dollars, intending it as payment of the first instalment of the indebtedness to Mrs. Woodson. His friend, not perceiving his condition, had advanced him the money, thinking that in reality he wanted it for his own private needs. But, as we know, Mr. Colville had forwarded it to Mrs. Woodson—an act of mingled madness and sanity.

It was probably the satisfaction he felt at having performed this much in restitution of the lost deposit that gave the turn of exhilaration to his subsequent derangement of mind.

So the Woodsons received the fifty dollars, not knowing under what circumstances it was sent, and were encouraged to look to the same source for more.

But it did not come, rightfully as they might expect it.

They did not, of course, in the meantime cease their efforts to increase their slender income, but work was still hard to find. John Woodson had not been one of the fortunate ones belonging to establishments that had resumed operations.

"I was at the shops to-day, Mary," he said, coming in one evening. "The forges and furnaces in half the place are as cold and black as death. The foreman said orders don't come in. I'm afraid the hard times are not over yet for us."

"Oh, this weary winter!" sighed Mary Woodson to herself, though she strove to have her face wear its usual cheerfulness.

"We needn't starve, though," said John, with his old irritation of tone. "See here, Mary, they advertise another gift of bread up there at Nicholas street. Now isn't that cheering! So many loaves to be given away by some sharp dealer who only wants to get his name up as a man of liberality! I guess I'll go, and see how they manage such munificence."

"You do not mean it, John. You would not go?"

"Only out of curiosity. I would really like to see who accept of such a bounty."

"A low and worthless class; not the real victims of the panic, but those who are ready at all times to receive aid, whether they deserve it or not. Don't go near them, John."

"Perhaps I had better keep away. I got into bad company once, and suffered for it."

John Woodson really had no intention of doing as he had suggested—he had only been "talking," to show his contempt of the sort of charity referred to. He forgot all about the advertised "free gift" of bread; yet the next afternoon he happened to be in the vicinity of the place where the distribution was to be made. In fact he came unexpectedly upon a crowd collected to receive the proffered alms.

It interested John Woodson just to observe the character of that assemblage. A vicious, riotous, reckless crew they were; the riff-raff of the city. Men and women of the lowest degree, pale and sickly-looking young girls and the boy Arabs of the street thronged the locality. They were shouting, swearing, scrambling in the most confusing and appalling manner. The bread was being handed out, and tossed from one to another, many of the loaves falling into the filth of the street, sometimes to be snatched up, sometimes to be trampled under foot.

John Woodson did not approach very close to this scene. He stood at a considerable distance from the "centre of attraction" and surveyed the spectacle.

Suddenly a greater commotion was observable among the crowd. Their cries grew louder and wilder; some of them were distinguishable.

"The rint-gatherer! the rint-gatherer!"

"There he goes!"

"Kill him! kill him!"

These and similar cries rose from the mob-like multitude, who appeared to be particularly incensed against some individual to whom their attention had been directed. John Woodson caught sight of the awkward flying figure of a man, coming swiftly toward him, pursued by several of the rabble, who were pelting the fugitive with loaves of bread, to say nothing of more dangerous missiles. One of the latter had struck him, for his face was bleeding very much.

"Murder! murder!" yelled the unfortunate man. "Where's the police to save me?"

But no policeman appeared to be within hearing. The scene was rather of the comic order, and yet the fugitive was in positive peril. His pursuers evidently meant the extremest violence.

John Woodson's sympathies were aroused for the stranger—for such he seemed to be. There were a number of witnesses of the assault, but no one appeared to be brave enough to take the fugitive's part. He was now limping along painfully, and would soon be overtaken by the ruffians in pursuit of him.

"This way, my man!" called John Woodson; "you'll be killed if you turn in there. Keep up a bit longer: there's help coming."

A party of policemen had at last arrived on the scene, and noting this, the

ruffians in pursuit abandoned their murderous object, and dodged up various alleys to escape arrest.

The stranger had reached John Woodson's side, to whom he appealed for further protection.

"The danger is over now," said John. "Are you much hurt?"

"I'm nigh killed, I think, but I don't want to go to the hospittle. Can't you take care of me? I'll pay you."

"Come with me," said John. "I don't believe you are as badly hurt as you think you are."

Blood was streaming over the features of the stranger, disguising his face in a measure, and causing him to present a sorry spectacle, hatless, frightened and wounded as he was.

They moved away, John partly supporting him.

A crowd of boys and some excited women followed them, but no one offered any interruption to their peaceful departure.

"I'll never try it again," said the stranger.

"Try what?"

"Collectin' the rent myself. I've several small houses up there; the rent is due and overdue, and I wanted it. The heathen folks that live in 'em said I had no right to ask for rent in such hard times. They'd pay me though, they would, they said; and they all set upon me like mad."

"Maybe you are hard on them, and they have come to know you."

"They always hooted me when I went among 'em; called me 'country,' and all that. But I ain't green enough to pay an agent for collectin' for me when I can do it myself."

"You've got a poor investment in those houses, I take it. You had better have kept your money out of town."

"I—I like a little here and there."

The stranger grew suddenly flustered.

"What's your name?" he asked, abruptly, "seems to me I've seen you afore."

"John Woodson."

"John Woodson! The John Woodson that used to live in Chester?"

"Yes; or rather I used to be there occasionally."

"Well, I swow," muttered the stranger, uneasily. Then aloud he said:

"You married there, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And is your wife livin'?"

"She is," replied John, rather wonderingly. "Will you give your name? Your appear to be interested in my concerns. But now is a poor time to talk. We'll soon be at my house and then after you are cared for, we will hear what you may have to say."

"I guess I won't go with you," said the man, to John's increased surprise. "I'm not as bad hurt as I thought I was, and I must leave town this afternoon; so I'll go right on."

"But," expostulated John, "consider your plight. Your face is so bloody that I can't really see your features to recognize you—for I believe I have seen you before; your hat is lost; you are lame and sore; and——"

"I'll step into some shop or store, buy a hat and wash my bloody face. But I must go straight on for home—I tell you I must. I'm obleeged to you for your kindness—I really am. Good-bye, sir."

John Woodson thought the man a strange one.

"You will give me your name?" he said.

"James Smith," answered the stranger, with a slight hesitation, as if he had taken that time to "make it up."

"Not John Smith?" asked John Woodson, with a quizzical smile, for he believed the man had not given his real name.

Nor had he. It was Moses Spiker. And so the two parted.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CELIA HAS A VISITOR.

"A lady to see you, Miss Celia," said Martha, the domestic, one afternoon, presenting herself at the door of the sitting-room where the young girl and Mrs. Chaswick were together.

"To see me, Martha?" asked Celia in some surprise. She very rarely had a caller.

"Yes, miss; in the parlor. She said she would like to see you very private."

Celia looked at Mrs. Chaswick, who smiled.

"Why need she request that?" spoke the lady. "She did not suppose, I trust, that it was necessary to ask for such a favor. Go down, Celia, and see who your visitor is," she added, with another smile, "and do not fear that you will be intruded upon during your interview with her."

"Did she give her name?" inquired Celia of Martha, as she went out after the domestic.

"No, miss; she said 'never mind' when I asked her."

With her curiosity considerably aroused, Celia descended the stairway.

Entering the reception-parlor, where callers were received, she saw a darkly-veiled figure standing near the window.

She knew her visitor at a glance, even before the latter raised her veil. That heavy, yet not graceless form was one that had until lately been very familiar to Celia.

"Madame Derveux!" she exclaimed in great surprise.

"Yes, Miss Burke," said the *modiste* in what Celia instantly detected as a fawning tone, with much of fear in it, too. "Don't let any one hear you call my name, though, I implore of you. And you will not betray me into arrest, will you? I have come to beg your forgiveness for the great wrong I have done you. I never meant to be so wicked. I—I am not as guilty as you may think, though. I would have interfered for you at the pawnbroker's if——"

"If you had not thought it, in a mercenary sense, more profitable, for some reason, to be on his side, I suppose," said Celia, with severe scorn.

"I—I was afraid of him; I had to stand by and see him do as he did."

"And perhaps help a little," suggested Celia. "You know that you were an accomplice in a grave crime, Madame Derveux."

"Oh, Miss Burke! you terrify me," she cried, apparently forgetting that others might hear her words. "Say that you will not hold me to the consequences."

"I must know first how sincere your penitence is and your object in doing as you have done. You have been very cruel to me, Madam Derveux."

"I know I have, I know I have," she admitted; "but now, if you will promise not to have me arrested, I will do what I ought to have done in the first place. I cannot go to prison, Miss Burke, along with that dreadful pawnbroker, it may be; the humiliation would kill me. Nor can I flee from the city, and give up my home, my children, my business and everything. I have hidden myself from the officers until to-day; but I can endure it no longer."

"Is merely because you find it hard and inconvenient to give up these things that you wish me to promise you exemption from arrest and its attendant disgrace?"

"Oh, no, no, I want to do right; I have a secret that you ought to know; I was weak and wicked to wrong you by keeping still about it in the beginning."

"Is this secret very important to me?" asked Celia.

"It is; you are very fortunate, Miss Burke, if everything is as I think it is. Say that you will never appear against me as a prosecutor, and I'll tell you all I know about it."

"If you are truly penitent, it is not in my heart not to forgive you; but you must reflect that I have no right, neither is it in my power to save you from the consequences of any criminal act you may have committed in relation to myself."

The face of the *modiste* showed the most painful alarm as she heard these words, but a moment's reflection appeared to reassure her.

"You can save me from such punishment, if you will, Miss Burke," she said. "If you will only promise me that you will not appear against me, there will be no more danger. If I am arrested—oh! heaven spare me even that!—I will be released unless you forbid it. Promise me, Miss Burke, promise me what I ask," she implored. "I will acquaint you with the secret I hold, if you will only give me your word not to say anything about my having witnessed the assault on you by the pawnbroker."

"I am not to be bought as easily as you may think, Madame Derveux. Acquaint me with the secret at once, without conditions."

"Well, I trust to you to be merciful. Oh, think how dreadful it would be for me to have to go to prison! I would rather die—I would kill myself rather than endure such disgrace."

"There is a worse disgrace than that of arrest, public trial and imprisonment, Madame Derveux; it is that of wrong doing in itself, whether you are detected by human agents or not. You appear to be less sensible to that than you should be."

"Oh, no, no; I feel guilty and miserable in every way."

And the once overbearing and supercilious *modiste* fairly cringed and cowered in the presence of the girl she had wronged. Whether her penitence was as genuine as she seemed desirous of showing, Celia somewhat doubted, for a tinge of hypocrisy—the latter thought—was to be observed in Madam's professions of remorse. That her fear was real, there was no question.

"I am ready to hear what you may have to say concerning the motive of your action against me, Madam Derveux," said Celia, with quiet suggestiveness that betrayed no great curiosity.

"Yes; I will tell you all. In the first place, have you a relative—a cousin—by the name of Moses Spiker?"

"I have not," said Celia.

"I thought not. Did you ever hear the name before?"

"Moses Spiker," repeated Celia, reflectively; "the name has a familiar sound, but I really cannot recall it as belonging to any one I ever knew—certainly not to a relative."

"But think, Miss Burke, think," said Madame Derveux.

"I am endeavoring to; I certainly ought to remember any name as homely as that, if I ever knew its owner."

"Had your father a brother, Miss Burke—a brother who died some years ago?"

"Yes; Richard Burke. Both he and my aunt died suddenly, as I remember, about six years since."

"Did they leave any children?"

"One child—a daughter, who offended her parents by a marriage with a man they did not like."

"Ah!" exclaimed Madame Derveux; "I did not know that."

"You did not know what?"

"That your uncle had any children."

"How should you know?"

"Well, I knew Moses Spiker, and he always claimed that there was no living child—no daughter, I mean."

"She may not be living now, poor woman! She loved a man whom her parents believed to be unworthy of her. He was poor, but they were not foolish enough to object to that alone—they thought he was of bad character. But he wasn't, my father always declared. My cousin married him, however, in spite of her parents' objections; but it offended Uncle Richard so that he discarded her—his only child, too. She went to the West with her husband, and we never heard of them since. Uncle and aunt soon died—grief killed them, the neighbors said, for they were both sorry for what they had done; yet they never asked their daughter to come back."

"Maybe they were led to think worse of the matter than they ever would have done if they had not been prejudiced against her husband beforehand," suggested MadameDerveux.

"It may have been," said Celia, with a sigh.

"I *know* it was the case."

"You know it was!" exclaimed Celia.

"Yes, and Moses Spiker was the individual who did it—Moses Spiker! it is strange you don't fully remember him."

Suddenly a light broke on Celia's mind. She had seen little of her uncle's family at any time during her life, for circumstances had kept them apart, but now a vision of an awkward, tow-headed lad, with a lean, keen look, and a moody glow in his great gray eyes, rose before her. This youth was a member of her uncle's household; a boy whom he had taken as a choreboy, but who somehow had won his way into her uncle's affections, until it was talked by the neighbors that "Richard Burke would do well by Mose."

She recalled all this, wondering now that she had not been startled at once into the recollection by the mere mention of the name of Moses Spiker. But toil and sorrow, and more recent experience had done much towards obliterating early memories from her mind. These things were all there yet, it was true, but dim and faded. Now in the light of Madame Derveux's suggestions, they suddenly brightened.

"Yes; I remember Moses Spiker now," she affirmed. "What of him? You say that he poisoned the minds of my relatives against their daughter?"

"He did that—and with an object, too. You may think it strange that I know anything about Moses Spiker—he a country clown, and I—well I haven't much to do with such. He found out where you were, Miss Burke, and he came to my establishment to question me about you."

"Ah!" said Celia; "and that period marked the commencement of your unfriendliness to me. You thought it might result to your pecuniary benefit to enter into collusion with him. My uncle left some property, perhaps, which was to be mine under certain conditions, and his under others—if I were out of the way, for instance."

Celia spoke with an indignant, cutting scorn. She thought she began to see through the plot.

Madame Derveux winced under the infliction of the innocent girl's gaze and the accusing words she uttered.

"Yes, I did," she admitted; "I will tell you the whole story. Your uncle, shortly after your cousin's marriage, made his will in favor of this Moses Spiker, who was a sharp and scheming rogue, verdant as he seemed to be. Fearing that Mr. Burke would change his mind about his property—which indeed he was very likely to do, and to recall his daughter, with his forgiveness, to him—this villainous Moses Spiker, to prevent that possibility, *poisoned* both your uncle and aunt——"

"You horrify me, Madame Derveux!" exclaimed the astonished girl. "Can this be true?"

"I know it to be," she declared.

"And all this while you were silent about it; not only that you in a manner joined hands with this wretch against me—though I do not exactly see, since the will was in his favor, how I stood in the way of his crime-bought inheritance."

"Ah! but there was a new will—a private document of later date than any other your uncle had signed—and this gave nothing to the wicked Moses Spiker if the proper heirs survived, but three-fourths to the daughter, and the remaining one-fourth to his brother's children—to you now. The property was partly coal lands, and is now very valuable."

"You astound and mystify me beyond measure!" exclaimed Celia. "Who holds this second will? Why is it not produced, and justice done—not to me, but to my wronged and suffering cousin?"

"Now comes something else that is strange to tell. The person who was trusted with the possession of the last will thought he would make something too, I suppose. So he let Moses Spiker settle himself in your uncle's shoes, and then frighten him into the payment of a large sum to let him remain there. But this individual, after scaring Moses Spiker with a sight of the will, died—Spiker killed him for anything I know—and all his private papers, including the will your uncle left in his charge, passed into the hands of his administrator, Mr. E. Marshall, of this city, who has advertised for the 'heirs of Pascal Burke,' I see, believing, maybe, that your cousin is dead. Moses Spiker is in a fearful state of unrest, apprehending that you will come forward to dispossess him of the estate he holds. But since your uncle's daughter is really believed to be dead, and next to you, he is named heir, he thinks that if he can only get you out of his way, he will be safe."

"What a strange, dreadful story you are telling me, Madame Derveux! That it is in the main true, I do not doubt, deeply as you criminate yourself."

"The Lord helping me, Miss Burke, I will never be led into such wickedness again. But let me tell you all. Cregar, the pawnbroker, is in the plot against you deeper than I ever was. I am afraid he intended to get all the facts of the case into his possession; including proofs of your identity, and then murder me, so that he could operate against Moses Spiker, with all the profits to himself; I do indeed think this, Miss Burke. His plan was to hold you a prisoner in the dismal hole he owns at Hagner street, and then blackmail Spiker to the last dollar that could be drawn from him."

"I never heard such a dreadful tale before, Madame Derveux. You shock me inexpressibly," said Celia, with a look of repulsion for the woman who could lend herself in any way to such dark doings. "You are not, I fear, as genuinely moved to penitence as you profess to be."

"I am all remorse," protested she. "I would never tell you these things if I did not hope to have peace and your pardon for the confession. And I come to warn you against Moses Spiker. He will have you assassinated if he can. He set a ruffian on you, near Stiles street, if you remember, last November or——"

"Indeed I do," said Celia, shuddering. "How could I ever forget it? Wretch that this Moses Spiker must be to employ such men as you have named."

"What will you do to have him brought to justice?" asked Madame Derveux, in great apprehension, fearing that if Spiker were arrested he might betray her. "Had you not simply have the will produced—that will frighten him away."

"I must consult my benefactor, Mrs. Chaswick, in the first place," said Celia. "Whatever she advises, I will do."

"But you will spare me, Miss Burke?" implored the guilty woman.

"The pangs of your conscience ought to be sufficient punishment for you. I will not attempt to bring more upon you; but you must of yourself see that you have exposed yourself to the penalties of outraged law."

"Yes, oh, heavens! yes!"

"Go from me then, and let me hear no more evil of you. I will endeavor to make the best use of the information you have conveyed to me. I will ascertain, if possible, whether my cousin is living; and if so will, if she desire it, give up the entire estate of her father to her. It is her right, and I pray that I may find her."

"I don't believe you will, Miss Burke; and so you are an heiress."

"Never mind that part; the prospect of inheriting another's money is not so exhilarating to me as you may think. There are better things than gold in the world. You seem to imagine that this involuntary revelation you have made to me not only ought to secure you my forgiveness of all the injustice you had previously done me, but to arouse my gratitude as well. You seem to think that money can make reparation for every evil. I tell you plainly, Madame Derveux, that I have yet some misgivings of the sincerity of your professions of sorrow for your wicked and mercenary actions."

"You think you can now afford to speak boldly and plainly to me, I suppose," replied the *modiste*, with a flaunting up of the real spirit that was within her. "You know I am in your power; that you are getting to be somebody; that this rich Mrs. Chaswick is your friend; that——"

"Madame Derveux!" exclaimed Celia, indignantly, seeing now that the woman was showing in her anger just what her penitence amounted to, "you had better restrain yourself. I may yet feel compelled to expose you."

"No, no!" she cried; "you have promised that you would not. I must go—I must go, for I am afraid I shall say things I do not mean if I stay. It does exasperate me, Miss Burke, to think that—that——"

"That your late humble assistant," continued Celia for her, quietly, "should now be lifted above the necessity of cultivating your favor, and not only that, but become the witness of your moral degradation. Yet I beg of you, Madame Derveux, not to think that I am petty or malicious enough to gloat over your abasement, or congratulate myself unduly for my own change of fortune. I am sincerely sorry for you, and reiterate my hope that the law may spare you its severities. Go now, and endeavor to lead a better life."

Celia had arisen as she spoke, indicating that, in addition to her words, she desired to express her wish for Madame Derveux's immediate departure.

The latter ground her teeth in secret rage and mortification. To be thus humiliated was sorer to her than any sense of her guiltiness she could possibly experience.

She choked down her bitterness, and managed to say a civil word of parting, but had Celia caught the malignant and revengeful expression of the *modiste's* face as she passed out, she would have thought that Madame Derveux had not yet given up entirely her evil intentions.

When her visitor had gone, Celia immediately communicated to Mrs. Chaswick the story Madame Derveux had told.

CHAPTER XXX.

AN ALARMING SITUATION.

Mrs. Chaswick very heartily congratulated Celia upon the probability of her eventually coming into possession of her uncle's fortune.

Celia did not rejoice greatly at the prospect of such inheritance.

"My cousin is supposed to be dead," she said; "but I would not accept any portion of the property until I were entirely assured of the fact of her decease, and not then, if she left any children still living."

"Do you know the name of your cousin?" asked Mrs. Chaswick.

"We called her Dollie when she was younger—Mary, I suppose, was her proper name."

"And do you know the name of the man she married?"

"I really forget—I do entirely. Those times, and the incidents connected with that portion of my childhood, seem very dim and distant now."

"Mr. Marshall will be able to inform us. The papers he holds will show the present name of your cousin, if she be living. Do you know, Celia, that I have now no doubt in my mind that it was to obtain possession of the will, which Madame Derveux says Mr. Marshall has in his keeping, that the attempt to rob him was made. When he recovers we shall learn all. He probably believes that your cousin is dead though, or he would have advertised for her."

"I sincerely trust I shall be able to learn that my cousin is still living—I have so few relatives, that I would rejoice, for the simple sake of kinship, to know that she is. And if, as may be the case, she is poor, with what a gladness will I restore to her the inheritance out of which she has been so wrongfully kept!"

There was nothing mercenary and little selfish in Celia Burke's nature. Sentiments of right and justice held full sway in her breast. She would have valued the independence and dignities the prospective heirship would confer on her if accepted, but not for one moment would she entertain the idea of making her elevation to be at the expense of another.

Perhaps, also, just at this time Celia was indifferent to the matter of her worldly advancement. The loss of her sister saddened her still. Occupied so much in reflections upon the past, and safe in Mrs. Chaswick's friendship and favor in the present, the future seemed to her an unreality.

On retiring to her chamber the night following the afternoon of Madame Derveux's visit to her, Celia felt herself oppressed with a vague sense of uneasiness such as she had never before experienced.

We all believe more or less in premonitions, even if we have never known them ourselves. They may portend good, or they may portend evil.

Often over our being will sweep strange and secret thrills, the meaning of which we do not recognize until afterward. Then we recall them as warnings, as the subtle intelligence, conveyed, we know not how, to alarm and prepare us for some coming evil or catastrophe.

It was with such a vague and undecided sense of approaching peril that Celia Burke sought her couch that night. Mrs. Chaswick was similarly disturbed, yet neither said anything of the matter to the other.

Of late midnight intrusions into sleeping apartments were becoming, or had become, rather alarmingly frequent. The times were hard, and, as a consequence, burglaries, robberies and similar crimes had been of more common occurrence than it was comfortable for many at all timid to consider.

Mrs. Chaswick at times felt somewhat lonely and unprotected in her luxurious home—as related, we mean, to possible visitations of the kind we have referred to. A large house, the evident abode of wealth, having comparatively few inmates, is an attractive object in the eyes of professional plunderers. They study such things.

Mrs. Chaswick was usually extremely careful to inquire into the character of her servants, as she had known instances where these had been confederates of the thieving fraternity outside.

A new one had lately been taken into her household, a dark-eyed damsel who had not given the most satisfactory reference, but whose tidiness of appearance, modest demeanor and, above all, rather pathetic story of personal misfortune, growing out of the ruinous panic, had won upon the lady's heart.

Lena, as she called herself, was not an intelligent girl, nor was she innately refined, but she had pretty, sparkling ways, and as she promised to make an excellent waiting-maid, and there was a vacancy, Mrs. Chaswick took her.

During the brief time she had been in the household she had given satisfaction, not only to the mistress, but to every member of it beside. But had the girl's movements been closely watched at all times, some suspicion might have attached to her that she was not exactly the innocent and simple-minded creature she professed to be.

Mrs. Chaswick and Celia, as we have said, retired, each vaguely disturbed in spirit, wearied, too, with the labors and excitements of the day, for it had been a busy one to both. The servants had preceded them to rest, Mrs. Jones, the housekeeper, having as usual been the last to leave the kitchen, after having seen that bolts and bars were properly attended to.

The slumbers of Mrs. Chaswick from the first had been uneasy. Once she had risen and lighted the gas, for what particular object she could not have stated.

"I am not feeling well," she had said to herself. "The long excitements to which I have been of late subjected are telling upon my physical health. It is Adaline De Graffe of whom I think almost constantly, of what revenge she meditates, and of my unknown child, who, she declares, is so near me. My own, own child, who, twenty-five years ago this very month, was taken from me ere I could look upon her, give her my conscious love, and feel that joy of life which only the young mother can! Oh, my God! can my lost darling be living near me now—one of the number of this great city's throng—yet I unknown to her, and she to me! Soften my enemy's heart, I pray Thee, so that she may permit me to behold the face that has so long been hidden from me! Then, if Thou wilt, let her hate destroy me, but give her pardon at last!"

The unhappy lady again sought her couch, and in the solemn silence of the night—for hushed and still lay the city round her—further communed with herself and her sorrow.

"Lord, Thou hast been good to me in many things," she murmured; "though I walk so in the darkness of my early sin, and in the shadow of a dreadful fear, yet Thy hand is about me still. In this late day Thou hast sent two to comfort me, one noble in his manhood, the other sweet in her young womanhood. He is so like what I would have my son, were I so blessed; and she—oh, Lord! I pray that my own child be only as pure and good!"

Thus, in her communings, did she name the two who, next to her yearning for her unknown child, were so near her heart, Nelson Chaswick and Celia Burke.

At last a deeper slumber succeeded the tossings of her spirit. For half an hour she lay dreamless and wholly restful.

Then a sense of something terrible pressed upon her sleep-wrapped mind. She seemed to be in a land of light, yet a form of terror was moving to and fro therein.

With a slight start she suddenly awoke.

The rays of a dark-lantern flashed across her face, and she saw, standing by her bedside, the figure of a man, whose features were concealed under a dark mask.

This dreadful awakening did not cause her to cry out. A horror bound her senses; she could not move nor speak.

No situation is more trying to the nerve of any person, be the individual man or woman, than to be suddenly aroused from sleep, and to see a hostile presence in one's chamber. The faintest exclamation or stir may be the signal for a deadly blow from the intruder; to lie still, if consciousness be maintained, is agony.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

SOAP and water is the best material for cleaning jewelry.

VIOLET POWDER.—Violet powder is made by scenting finely-sifted arrow-root with a little orris-root.

TO EACH bowl of starch, before boiling, add a teaspoonful of Epsom salts. Articles prepared with this will be stiffer and in a measure fire-proof.

TO REMOVE KEROSENE OIL FROM CARPETS.—Scrub the oil spot thoroughly with hot water in which either ammonia or ox gall has been put. Repeat the process if necessary.

KEEPING PRESERVES.—It is said that to set newly-made preserves for several days open in the sun is one of the best methods of making them keep through the summer unfermented.

ONE ounce each of muriate of soda, cream of tartar, and alum, boiled in a gallon of water, gives plate a beautiful whiteness. Dip the article in the mixture, remove and rub dry.

WASHING RIBBONS AND TIES.—Put a little ammonia into clear cold water, and the ribbons can be cleansed without rubbing. Rinse in two or three waters and press with a warm iron while damp.

TO CLEAN gilt jewelry, to half a pint of boiling water add one ounce of cyanide of potassium. When the liquid is cold, mix in half an ounce of ammonia liquor and one ounce of rectified alcohol. Objects will be rendered bright by brushing with this compound.

TO WASH calico without fading, infuse three gills of salt in four quarts of water. Put in the calico while the solution is hot, and leave until the latter is cold. It is said that in this way the colors are rendered permanent, and will not fade by subsequent washing.

PREVENTIVE AGAINST MOTHS. — A very pleasant perfume, and also preventive against moths, may be made of the following ingredients. Take of cloves, carraway seed, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon and Tonquin beans, of each one ounce, then add as much Florentine orris-root as will equal the other ingredients put together. Grind the whole well to powder, and put it in little bags among your clothes, etc. This will answer for furs also. But the best plan we know of as a protection against moths in furs is to first shake out or beat out every foreign substance before putting away for the season. Then wrap them up in a perfectly sound newspaper. What we mean by sound is, that there shall be no holes or breaks in the paper. Make a bag of the paper by pasting; pack in and paste up the mouth of the bag. Put in a drawer where it will not be disturbed. If well done not a moth will ever be found inside. Try it.

News of Interest

MOONLIGHT mechanics is the latest for burglars.

SWEDEN has no national debt, and its surplus revenue last year amounted to nineteen millions of dollars.

THE daily operation of cleansing and watering the streets of the city of London cost the corporation last year $114,910.

IT is statistically computed that 100,000,000 nuts of various kinds are annually eaten in this country. Perhaps this may account for the prodigious number of colonels.

THE piece of fat in the middle of a leg of mutton is called the Pope's eye, because it is said that one of the Popes was so fond of that particular *bonne bouche* that he used to have a whole sheep killed every day for the sake of it.

THERE'S about to be a wedding in Germany, and the groom's title, as far as reported, is, His Serene Highness Prince Herman Eugene Adolph Bernhard Frana Ferdinand August von Sayn-Wittgenstein-Hohenstein. The remainder of his name, if any, will be over by the next steamer.

HOW TO CHECK POLYGAMY.—Khabil Pasha claims, says one of his friends, who has just returned from Constantinople, that he has discovered a means of suppressing polygamy in the East. "It is a very simple matter," he says. "Every good Mussulman has a right to four wives; well, I will have a decree passed that will oblige the husband to take the mother-in-law with them, and you will see what will become of polygamy."

THE following is given as the costume of a fashionable lady in 1709, per ye last ship from ye port of Bristol, England, to His Majesty's plantations in North America: A black silk petticoat, with a red and white calico border; cherry colored stays, trimmed with blue and silver; a red and dove colored damask gown, flowered with large trees; a yellow satin apron, trimmed with white Persian; muslin headcloths, with crawfoot edging; a black silk furbelowed scarf; and spotted hood.

OVER $100,000 worth of dogs, principally pointers and setters, were brought to this country from England during the past two years. The *furors* about Laveracks, red Irish setters, Gordons and kindred breeds is now as great as was ever that in Japan about spotted rabbits. No dog that costs less than $1,000 is now considered worth owning. These valuable animals have their pedigrees preserved with as much care as the nobility of England.

THE royal family of England are considerably mixed in their church relations. Queen Victoria is Presbyterian and Episcopalian by turns, according to her residence. The Prince of Wales inclines to Ritualism, while his eldest sister, the Princess of Germany, is a Lutheran; his brother-in-law, Lord Lorne, is a Presbyterian; another brother-in-law, the Prince Imperial of Russia, is a Protestant Lutheran; a sister-in-law, the Duchess of Edinburgh, is a Greek Catholic; her husband is a Low-Church Episcopalian; the other brothers and sisters, like their mother, alternate between the Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches, depending on their residence for the time being.

PARIS PAST AND PRESENT.—It is interesting to compare the state of Paris a hundred years ago with Paris of to-day. In 1775 the total area of that city was 30,000,000 of square metres (7,410 acres); now it covers a surface of 78,000,000 of metres (19,266 acres). The number of streets, squares, boulevards, etc., which about a century ago was about 1,000, has now increased to about threefold. In 1775 there were 19,000 houses, now there are 60,000 at least. The population, which a hundred years ago was 550,000, is now, in round numbers, 2,000,000. It will be seen from this that Paris has in a century increased in size about two-thirds; she has now 2,000 streets and 41,000 houses more than in 1775, and in the same time her population has tripled.

AN UNDERGROUND CHURCH.—A curious structure is rapidly rising, or rather, sinking, in England. It is a church designed to accommodate the crowded fishing population in one quarter of the city. Land being difficult to procure, it was determined to build a church under the street. The floor of this underground edifice lies thirty feet below the surface of the road, and is reached by descending a flight of stone steps. In form, the church is a long parallelogram, 132 by 50 feet. The altar is at the north end, opposite the base of the stairs. The structure is to have an organ in the west aisle, which is divided from the nave by columns of Bath stone. Attached to the church is a vestry-room, also subterranean. The cost of the whole building, £8,000, is borne by a clergyman of Brighton.

LEAF AND FLOWER IMPRESSIONS.—Oil a piece of white paper on one side; hold the side that is oiled over a lamp or pine-knot smoke till quite black; place the leaf on the black surface, as the veins and fibres of the leaf show plainer on the under part; now press it on all parts of the leaf with the fingers; then take up the leaf and put the black oiled sides on the page of a book made for leaf impressions, with an extra piece of paper on the top to prevent smutting the opposite page; press it a few moments; then remove the green leaf, and the impression will be left on the page as beautiful as an engraving. Flowers of single corolla can be pressed in like manner. Many geranium leaves make beautiful impressions. The impression book may be made still more interesting by giving botanical classifications.

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THE POETRY OF FLOWERS.

There is poetry in the hum of bees, when the orchards are in bloom, and the sun is shining in unclouded splendor upon the waving meadows, and the garden is richly spangled with spring flowers. There is poetry in the hum of the bee, because it brings back to us, as in a dream, the memory of bygone days, when our hearts were alive to the happiness of childhood—the time when we could lie down upon the green bank and enjoy the stillness of summer's noon; when our hopes were in the blossoms of the orchard, our delight in the sunshine, our untiring rambles in the meadows, and our perpetual amusement in the scented flowers. Since these days, time has rolled over us with such a diversity of incidents, bringing so many changes in our modes of living and thinking, that we have learned, perhaps at some cost, to analyze our feelings, and to say, rather than feel, that there is poetry in the hum of bees.

There is poetry in the flowers that grow in sweet profusion upon wild and uncultivated spots of earth, exposing their delicate leaves to the tread of the passer by, and spreading forth their scented charms to the careless mountain wind—in the thousand, thousand little stars of beauty looking forth like eyes, with no eye to look again; or cups, that seemed formed to catch the dew-drops; or spiral pyramids of varied hue shooting up from leafy beds, and pointing faithfully to the shining sky; or crowns of golden splendor mounted upon fragile stems; or purple wreaths that never touched a human brow—all bursting forth, blooming and then fading, with endless succession, in the midst of untrodden wilds; in rain and sunshine, in silent night and glowing day, with an end and purpose in their brief existence, inscrutable to the mind of man.

What more expressive poetry is there in the whole range of imagery brought to the mind by external objects, than that which arises from the simple interchange of flower gifts between lovers, friends, relations or acquaintances?

BEYOND THE ALPS LIES ITALY.

All of worth or value must be gained by labor. It is not till the painter has toiled long years, and time after time seen his efforts fruitless, that he portrays on canvas a soul-stirring picture. "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," are the words of inspiration. Providence knew that for man to live happily and enjoy his blessings he must know what they cost.

"Beyond the Alps lies Italy." How expressive! Beyond the trials and temptations that beset the earnest toilers, lies the goal. Many a rough path he must travel, many a hardship endure, before his reward. "Excelsior" is the motto of all who mean to excel. They must toil on, regardless of Pleasure's haunts, and with all of their might aim *higher*. The pleasures of this world and those of a seeker after immortality are not congenial; and he who would enjoy both can reap no rich reward. We must deny ourselves many things if we would become wise in this world or in the next. If we meet with many difficulties in our way to a cultivated mind, we are to remember that it is our Alps we are crossing, and sooner or later Italy will appear.

BY AND BY THE ROSES WITHER.

BY MRS. MARY P. HALL.

By and by the roses wither,
By and by the leaves will fall;
By and by the crimson autumn
Sheds its lustre over all.
By and by our hopes will brighten,
Though the swallows homeward fly,
And false friends who seem to love us
May forget us, by and by.

By and by the rose that withers,
Will uplift its drooping head,
Awakened from its slumbers
By an angel's gentle tread.
By and by will hearts be broken,
That have never known a sigh;
Friendless ones with joy will lighten
In the cumbrous by and by.

By and by there will be false hearts,
By and by there will be true;
If I hear you say you doubt it,
If you do, then why do you?
By and by bright eyes will moisten
When beneath the turf we lie,
There will still be those who love us,
In the silent by and by!

HAMLET'S SANITY.

BY REV. DR. BADGER.

Mr. Septimus Slipkin is a friend to be proud of. A confirmed bachelor, and a true gentleman of the old school, he is likewise a man of careful culture, and of honest warmth of heart. He is also an ardent student of Shakspere, whose name he never permits to be disfigured with the second "a," believing that, whatever, according to some critics, the great master did not know, he at least knew how to spell.

Calling a few days since at his rooms in the Promenade Hotel, we found him in an unwonted state of excitement and a new purple velvet smoking jacket, surrounded by a library of Shakesperian works, all open at the tragedy, or the chapter, "Hamlet," and immersed in a newspaper article, which he submitted to our inspection, declaring himself unable to talk about anything else.

"Since I saw it," said he, "my whole mind has been absorbed. Do you believe him insane?"

"Believe whom insane?" we asked, laying down the journal in some anxiety.

"Hamlet," returned Mr. Slipkin, "you'll find it all in that newspaper."

"Not published as news, surely!"

"I wonder it was not," said he, grimly. "It was news to me; and I'm sure would have been to Shakspere." We were not quite so sure, when we saw the distinguished name under which the article was published, but we waited with due deference to hear Mr. Slipkin's opinion.

"I hope I shall not bore you," said he. "It is a subject that I consider likely to interest everybody; though, to be sure, when Dulas came in just now, on his way to business, and I began to talk of Hamlet, he went off, saying he had walked down stairs on purpose to see me, but if I couldn't talk of some thing interesting, he'd better have taken the drop."

"The drop?" we repeated, rather mystified; and, in fact, were about to state that on entering the hotel, we had noticed Dulas making up for any forgetfulness about taking a drop; when Mr. Slipkin explained by saying, with well bred testiness, "Yes, the drop. When a thing lets you down, it isn't a *lift;* is it? Or an elevator?" Why will people use three syllables, when one would answer? But to resume.

Dulas said nobody cared whether the beggar was mad or not. Now just think of that! Man was made in the Divine image. Hamlet, a creation of the highest intellect, is confessedly the most sublime image of man. Is it nothing to you and me whether or not, we can form an intelligent idea of the character? It is not merely a question of art, sir. It is a question of your understanding and mine. Yet, even from a selfish point of view, Dulas said: "Bother!" "Sir,' said I, "let me remind you that the stage, (as any man, whether he be a disciple of—of what's-his-name—or only an idiot, must confess,) especially the Shakesperian stage, holds the mirror up to nature."

"There are no mirrors to speak of," says Dulas, "except at the——" There I stopped him. 'Hamlet' lay before me, open at the graveyard scene. Says I, "What do you think of this—' Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating'? I am afraid that was what sent him off in a huff——"

It did seem possible, but so deep was the anxiety depicted on Mr. Slipkin's countenance, that we forbore to add to it; and brought the conversation back to Hamlet.

"I was saying," our friend resumed, "that it was a matter of personal interest to everybody of any culture—that question of Hamlet's sanity. First, because one's own intelligence is brought to the test of his ability to understand Shakspere. What, sir, is the real interest in reading or seeing this tragedy? Is it the story? Is it the acting? Is it Hamlet? *No*, sir!"

The effect of this flight of oratory was so fine that we regretted not being an entire audience.

"I will tell you," said Mr. Slipkin; "It is Shakspere himself. Can you doubt, sir, the immortality of the soul, when even its creations are imperishable? I sit, sir, in the theatre; and, truly as if we were face to face, the spirit of Shakspere communes with my spirit—no matter about the voice that serves as the channel; into my own thought flows the thought of that great and wise and good teacher of humanity. He wakes my laughter by his wit; my tears by his pathos; my wonder by his wisdom. When Hamlet is tutoring the actors, I behold the kind hearted manager of the Globe, helping on some poor disheartened novice, whom the court gallants stabbed with their jests the night before. When the Prince of Denmark parleys with the sexton, I see the bard of Avon in the village churchyard at Stratford; and, as to a friend, he confides to me his inmost soul. And is it nothing to me, whether or not I can comprehend him; whether the noblest creation he asks me to comprehend, and has made as real to me as any friend I have; aye! real as his absent self to my perceptions, was a melancholy madman or a prince in intellect as he was in rank?"

"Yes, to be sure," said we, "viewing it in that light——" We were conscious of the imbecility of the remark, but Mr. Slipkin had stopped before we expected, and bothered us by seeming to wait for something to be said, whereas we had nothing to say. He had, however, got far beyond us.

"Mad, sir? When? How? Not certainly before his father's death? Ophelia tells us all about him, then; and, by-the-way," said Mr. Slipkin, dropping down from his stilts into the colloquial with unpleasant suddenness, "did it ever occur to you that Ophelia, though she is talking to herself, does not fall back, as Juliet does in praising Romeo, on her own personal opinion of the prince. There was no need of it. He was what the poor Duke of Monmouth afterwards became in England, the glass of fashion and the mould of form, the observed of all observers, the expectancy and rose of the fair state! No talk of a strait waistcoat in those days you perceive. But after his father's death he begins to be melancholy. With the very opening of the play, then, begins the malady which finally makes him, at least, 'mad nor', nor'west.' But, surely, he had reason enough to wear his inky cloak; to object to his mother's marriage; to avoid his kinsman; and to be anxious about his own future, without ascribing his gloom to incipient madness. Nor is anything of the sort hinted at in the opening scenes. Our first intimation of it comes when he enjoins Horatio and Marcellus to avoid all 'ambiguous giving out, how strange or odd soe'er I bear myself.' This he explains; so that, clearly, it needed explanation, by saying that he, perchance, thereafter, may think meet 'to put an antic disposition on.' He had never borne himself oddly before. The friends, to whom he hints at the chance of such a course, do not know what to make of it. He is obliged to explain, and to make them swear not to let people see that they know he is acting, and why he is acting. All the rest of his conduct throughout the play is thoroughly consistent with this situation; and yet, we are required to believe that Shakspeare perpetrated the utter absurdity in art, and impossibility in nature, of making a man first deliberately announce his intention of going mad, and afterwards carefully fulfil it. I shall expect next to find some one asserting, that in the comedy of 'Garrick,' the hero, instead of acting, as he had promised the father of his unknown love to do, is unquestionably tipsy."

The accidental, or perhaps intentional, parallel between the drunkenness of Garrick in the comedy, and the madness of Hamlet in the tragedy is perfect. And in each case reality is brought skilfully into contrast with mimicry. Garrick, too, has a lucid interval, when for one moment, he speaks with the enthusiasm of the artist, to his ladylove; and only relapses into imbecility when her father reminds him of his promise; and Hamlet has a manifest struggle with his native inclination to chaff Polonius; who, not being the buffoon that ignorance usually makes him, is completely puzzled. The stage Polonius would have been deceived. The Prime Minister of Denmark nearly divines the truth. "There's method in it," he avers. But his natural supposition about his daughter helps Hamlet, who without that aid might have failed to impose on him. Yet the keen, conceited old man will appeal to the *experimentum crucis;* he will watch Hamlet in Ophelia's presence. And here we reach a scene which has misled the critics—If Hamlet were sane, why should he not speak freely when alone with Ophelia? He does begin to speak naturally to the woman he loves. But who are watching and listening? The King and Polonius. And he detects them—for his eyes are everywhere. It is his life that those eyes of his are instinctively guarding. "I do not set my life at pin's fee," means not "I do not value it," but "I would not give a pin for my chance of life. The ghost will do me no more harm than the king." Instantly, Hamlet divines why Ophelia is there; and his manner changes. His first exclamation (following, by-the way, the soliloquy "To be, or not to be"), "The fair Ophelia!" is one of delight; his salutation. "Nymph, in thy orisons be all my sins remembered," one of courtly gallantry. They have nothing in common with "Get thee to a nunnery, or, if thou will needs marry, marry a fool." The alteration in Hamlet's manner takes place at the second speech to Ophelia, who asks, "How does your honor, for this many a day?" He has detected the ambush—"a rat! a rat!" but, this time, he says not "Dead for a ducat," but "I humbly thank you," which is a sort of "*Et tu, Brute!*"

"And so it is, sir," continued Mr. Slipkin, becoming enthusiastic, "in every scene. You observe I do not dwell upon Hamlet's masterly diplomacy, his scheme to detect the king; his defeat of the stratagem in which were engaged against him Rosencrantz and the other wretched tool. Who ever heard of such sustained effort on the part of a madman? But I purposely confine myself to this one line of proof—the means Shakspere took to remind people that Hamlet was only mad in craft (if, by-the-way, the old meaning of *essentially* were remembered, there would be less doubt about that of 'craft'). But to continue. When Hamlet is alone, or with Horatio or the players, 'the wind is southerly,' and he not only knows 'a hawk from a hernshaw,' but we have again 'the courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye and tongue.' But let any one enter whom he doubts, and he is again 'mad nor', nor'west.' To his mother, who he now feels confident will not betray him, he avows that his mind is sound; nay, he offers to be tested. She will find that he can reword the matter, which madness 'would gambol from.' It is true, that he attributes any offence which he may have given Laertes to 'madness,' but when and where? Before the court? Before the king! And he does not say whether the madness were real or feigned. He simply, forced as he is in self defence to the *role* of the elder Brutus, offers Laertes, whose 'brother's wager' he suspects of treachery, the one available excuse for the moment, in formally obeying the thoroughly treacherous royal order 'Come, Hamlet, come and take this hand from me.' No, sir!" continued Mr. Slipkin, "Shakspere never asked us to sympathize through five acts with a lunatic. The essential principle of tragedy is, not our pity for the unfortunate, but our sympathy with them; and all sympathy is destroyed the moment a man goes mad. Thereafter we can feel only compassion. And I resent, sir," cried Mr. Slipkin, "I resent the charge of insanity directed against a man wise enough not to take, like modern spiritualists, a spirit's mere word as evidence, but to demand a test. If his father's ghost had rapped——Come in."

Mr. Slipkin, slightly startled by a knock, was evidently reassured by the entrance of an African citizen, who handed him an envelope containing a theatre ticket.

"Mr. Dulas's compliments, sah, and he'll be out of town all day himself, but would you join him at de theayter this evenin', as dey play Hamlet?"

"Come," said Mr. Slipkin, radiantly, "Shakspeare can stir the brains even of Dulas. I'm glad he's not offended. Yes, I'll go."

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

BY VARA VILLETTE.

"God pity them both! and pity us all
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall."

Every life has its romance, its loves, its joys, hopes and fears, ay, and its troubles, too. Sitting here this quiet moonlight night, watching the moonbeams play upon the water, or through the trembling leaves the bright stars coming one by one and gemming all the sky—my heart is beating a mournful cadence to olden memories which come stealing over me.

The cool gentle breeze waves my silver hair lightly and whispers softly, tenderly the name of one who closed her blue eyes in a dreamless sleep, and in the dim twilight of death the young day of her life went down.

The mists of the pasture rolling away. Voices come to me from loving lips over whose cold pulseless heart the willows wave and the grass of many summers has grown green.

With memory I wander again over the enchanted paths of my childhood; sunshine streams again o'er hill and dell and lights up with a golden glory the ivy-covered walls of the old homestead; white dimpled fingers are clasping mine and together we sit beside the tinkling stream with no thought of the morrow save bright pictures of the world beyond our home circle. My cousin Lulu and I.

Sometimes — even now — her sweet young face floats up from the sea of the past to the surface of memory; roguish brown eyes smile upon me; soft brown hair shades a fair smooth brow and ripples in waves over the delicate shoulders far below the tiny waist; the mouth arched and bright, yet sweet, looks as if it was going to speak to me with its voice of music. O, Lulu! light of my life! joy of my soul!

From earliest childhood had she roamed over wood and meadow-land by my side, or through the sunny lanes to church and school.

She was a gay, lively, impulsive little sprite! and though I was six years her senior, I was never weary of playing with her, or relating stories which she did not half understand.

At the age of eighteen I left home for college and did not return until I had finished my collegiate course.

Soon after my departure a stranger came to reside in our quiet village—a Doctor Weston—whose family consisted of his wife, a son and a young medical student, named Clarence Rivers.

Mrs. Weston proved to be an early acquaintance of my mother's so the two families soon became very intimate. Brother Rob was a very good correspondent, and through him, I was made *au courant* in all the gossip of Heatherdale. To one of his lengthy epistles was appended the following:

"*N. B.—Lulu grows prettier every day and flirts dreadfully! all the boys around are in love with her; Weston and Rivers especially have had a very serious attack; neither of them are convalescent yet, though I think Rivers is hit the hardest.*"

I smiled to myself at Bob's laconic manner of expressing himself, and at poor Lu's dreadful propensity. Shortly after this I graduated with the highest honors of my class, bade farewell to "Lafayette and Easton," and once more found myself at "home, sweet home."

Lulu had grown into a beautiful maiden of fifteen. I have traveled over many lands since then and seen many beautiful and charming women, but never have I seen a more piquant, irresistibly fascinating face than hers. She welcomed me joyfully, lovingly, and I wondered at the great happiness with which her presence inspired me.

Rob wrote the truth. She was a coquette! a most scientific one.

Unseen, I watched the exciting love chase of the Messrs. Weston and Rivers, and enjoyed with infinite zest the skilful manner with which she played them off against each other, until both were inspired with a fierce determination to win the prize.

Music was her passion; and she did sing and play enchantingly.

At the foot of the orchard was an immense old oak, circled at the base by a seat; and there I used to sit for hours listening with breathless rapture to the sweet thrilling voice filling the air with its bursts of melody, until my very soul seemed flooded with harmony.

The truth suddenly dawned upon me. *I* loved Lulu.

Not with the innocent love of my boyhood; or the calm deep affection of a brother for an only sister; but as a man loves the elect woman whom he chooses from all others to be the crowning glory of his life.

I longed to tell her this—to whisper the sweet old—ever new—words which have trembled upon so many loved and loving lips.

But not yet would I disturb the calm sisterly current of her affection; not yet arouse her heart from its long, delightful dreaming girlhood and quicken it into womanhood's passionate touching love.

So I rejoiced in the present, speculated on the future, and went on daily rambling with Lulu over the green fields and through the shady woods, my love strengthening with each day.

But this charmed existence was destined to have an end. One summer twilight we went down into the long arbor in the garden; Lulu had on a white dress, very thin, and floating in full folds gathered in at the waist with a broad blue sash; a ribbon of the same was carelessly passed through the wavy brown hair, tying back its rich abundance.

In the quiet twilight she looked as if she might be an "angel visitant" from the other world. I told her so. She laughed, then said, quietly, almost sadly: "But I'm not you know! only a silly girl full of human love and joy, yes—and human error also."

Then, as if moved by a sudden impulse of confidence, she said, shyly, "Charley, I think you take a cousinly interest—a brother's interest—in my welfare. Tell me what do you think of Clarence Rivers as a man? As a partner 'for butter or worse?'"

She loved *him*. The strong waves of love and despair battled fiercely for a moment then passed over my heart, taking every joy, of hope or memory. Only for a moment, however. Then with a calmness which surprised myself, I said pleasantly, half musingly:

"As a man, I think him a very handsome one; sufficiently so to captivate the fancy of any woman. For the other I can hardly say, though I should judge his professional knowledge of the human heart would enable him to make a very excellent one. But why, Lulu? Has he serious intentions of obeying the Scriptural injunction to 'be the husband of one wife?'"

"Yes?" she said, with a quick ring of pain in her voice. "He has asked me to be his wife."

"But I must go in now," she said, rising quickly, "I leave you pleasant dreams of the past, and of the future, as a substitute for my charming self."

And with a graceful, half-mocking bow, the airy vision vanished from my sight, and I was left alone to wrestle with my mighty sorrow!

For hours I sat there. The stars rose up in the heavens, "pale, sad, silent," and looked with tender pity upon the ghastly face on which so early had been graven desolation!

Only one drop of comfort bubbled in the "cup of woe" filled to the brim and held to my lips. My darling would be happy; in her path would the roses of love and hope spring up and blossom.

But I must go away—far away from the charmed circle of her presence. I felt that it would kill me, or drive me mad to see another gather the flower which I had hoped to wear.

Two weeks later I left Heatherdale for a prolonged tour on the continent.

* * * * *

While in Europe I formed the acquaintance of Daisy Stanley, a young, sweet-faced English girl, the second daughter of a wealthy and learned curate. She was a gentle, loving little creature, and her presence inspired me with a feeling of rest I had not thought possible to experience again.

There was pleasure in being near her; in listening to the gentle tone of her voice; in gazing into her clear, tranquil eyes or toying with her sunny curls. I cheated myself into believing I loved her. I besought her to be mine, and loving me, she consented.

We were married. After my marriage I strove to conquer, to stifle the memory of my boyish dream. But still would the dark, beautiful eyes of my "heart's best love" haunt me sleeping or waking.

Daisy knew nothing of this, thank heaven! her life was calmly, tranquilly happy. But the earth was too cold a soil for my fair flower to grow in. Ere a year had passed the wild birds sang and the violets nodded over my young bride's grave, and I was again left alone.

Two years later, my heart sad with its dreams and memories, I walked impatiently the deck of the noble ship that was sailing onward—onward over the blue waters, and bearing me to my native land.

It was late one autumn afternoon when I arrived at Heatherdale.

The country was glorious with the balmy air, the trees drooped under their burden of rich ripe fruit, and the fields were beautiful with waving corn and mellowing grain, and over all the sunset clouds shone bright and fair.

My heart thrilled with a quick, exultant sense of joy and life. Involuntarily I quickened my pace.

I left the straight road, and went through the woods. At the far end of the woods a gate opened into the orchard. I passed through, and there, on my favorite old seat, sat—Lulu.

She was singing very softly, yet with a mournful pathos that thrilled me strangely, an old French ballad of hopeless love.

I walked quietly forward and stood before her.

"Lulu," I said, gently.

She raised her head and looked at me. Never, until my heart ceases to beat, will I forget the expression of those beautiful brown eyes.

She staggered to her feet and would have fallen, but I caught her in my arms and—— But I do not know what I said, how began it, or how ended it. I only know that, in words burning with tenderness, I poured forth the story of my love.

I could not see my darling's face, but I heard the low, whispered:

"And I love you. I have loved you ever since I can remember."

"But Clarence Rivers?" I asked, inquiringly.

She gave an impatient shiver, then said, speaking quickly:

"I only flirted with him. I was ashamed to think I had given you my love unsought. And that night down in the garden—you remember? I had rejected him then; I loved you all the while; but I wanted to see if you cared for me. I thought you did not, and—oh, my love! my love! can you ever forgive me all the sorrow I have caused us both for five long years!"

That I forgave her is very evident, from the fact that, one month later, a quiet wedding took place in the simple country church, and Lulu became in very truth my wife.

I loved her with a tenderness that ensured felicity.

And in all the years that followed, the dreams I had dreamed of life with her were realized fully.

I think I must have adored her with a reverence scarcely human.

She had been the idol of my youth. She was the worship of my manhood.

God punished such idolatry. Death surprised us. He closed the blue-veined lids over the brown eyes I had loved to gaze into. He hushed the voice I had loved to hear.

In vain I pressed kiss after kiss upon those lips that had always before thrilled at my touch.

"Lulu!" I cried; "Lulu, my beautiful one! dearest half of my being! Awake! Speak to me once more!"

And my tears rained upon her marble brow.

Yet she stirred not. Still fair, silent, she lay there—dead!

Loving hands placed flowers in her coffin, and in the tiny hands folded so quietly across her peaceful breast, and through the waves of shining hair "the lilies of the valley" rose pure and pale.

Then they laid her down into the dark, dreary earth. Like one in a dream I heard the solemn words:

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

I saw the earth heaped over her coffin; and then I went home—home, where I was all alone. The sun of my life had set forever.

I am old now—very old. Soon I shall sleep the death sleep calmly; and after death comes—heaven. There shall be no partings there!

THE *Peoples Monthly*, of Pittsburgh, has been consolidated with the time-honored SATURDAY EVENING POST, of Philadelphia. Walker, Reed & Co. are now the editors and publishers, and to be addressed at the latter city. The POST will hereafter be illustrated.—*W. Virginia Journal, Charleston, W. Va., April* 28, 1875.

MARRIAGE NOT MATTER OF FACT.

"Marriage is a very matter-of-fact affair. There is little poetry in it; and all experience shows that it is better to get rid of nonsense before committing matrimony."

So says a good writer; but we beg to differ. All experience does not show any such thing. If nonsense means here, as it seems to mean, all those things that make the poetry of life, we say the more you have of it the better.

A marriage that can properly by styled a matter-of-fact one promises no happiness for the man, and misery unutterable for the woman, if she has a soul.

What! Because a thing is real, must it be common-place? The light of love illumines the homeliest duties; and because there must be eating, and drinking, and sleeping, and earning bread-and-butter in its years, marriage need not be a matter-of-fact arrangement—a coarse sort of bargain, in which the wife becomes a housekeeper, and the husband banker. Better that there should be no marrying at all; for what shall they do in those hours of trouble and pain which come to all of us, when every heart craves sympathy, and when none can give it so well as the lover whose love has endured through many years?

When two people of opposite sex, temperament, habits, resolve, through a union by marriage, to live together for the rest of their lives, there is need of sentiment between them. There is a necessity for a little of that romance that makes people seem better and more beautiful than they really are, if in time they would not hate each other.

No—if you have no other part in life that is not common-place and matter-of-fact, forbid that home-life which is the consequence of marriage to sink to this. Have a thousand "songs without words" for every day. Nourish your most delicate sentiments, and weave them with the hours as they glide by. Don't have all your poetry in the book-case, and all your music in the piano.

The woman that is a happy wife never longs to be courted again. There is no need, she is won; nor are many compliments necessary. Mutual devotion is an ever-appreciated compliment. Yet, still, do not quite forget those old days which drew you to each other. Be lovers always. Many people are; and those who love are safe. The meeting and parting kiss, the kind look, the appreciative word—never forget these. Never let marriage degenerate into the commonplace. So surely as you do, worse will follow; for the husband and wife who have no tender sentiment towards each other will become foes. It is a glorious period in married life when years have rolled on, and the wedded can call their friends together to celebrate their silver wedding. There is an epic in the fact. It is a grand poem, every canto of which is a song of praise, dilating on the many happy years that have passed over the silvered locks of the givers, and whose beauties are symbolized in their placid aspect.

THE RESULTS OF AN "IF."—It does not signify so much if evil report gets afloat concerning a private individual; all he has got to do is to keep on and never mind. But it is different when it is said of a man in business, a bank, a firm or a company; then unfortunately the words prove themselves. The report becomes true because it is said to be true; the pressure put on the concern by the frightened creditors and shareholders is too sudden and too heavy to be withstood; and so the house goes down while it was perfectly secure, because people said it was tottering. It is the old story of the mad dog. Give the bad name, and then hang him out of hand. Clearness, precision, proof, which are the necessities of all positive science, all accuracy of knowledge, are the qualities we dispense with in our dealings with each other. Here the wildest improbabilities are received as not so very unlikely if you think of this and allow for that; the loosest statements are nursed up into the twin sisters of proved facts; nothing is too hazy, nothing too vague, for credence of the most positive kind, and reputations are ruined for a phrase, and lives destroyed for an "if." We cannot be too strict in our requirements of proof before we accept an ill-favored report of our neighbor as true; and we cannot be too stern in our determination to have nothing to do with cloudy remnants of dissipated slander. Let us understand this clearly and act on it—our action the rejection of all that will not bear the strictest analysis and the strongest daylight.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.—The SATURDAY EVENING POST, one of the oldest and best illustrated weekly story papers in the country, has incorporated with itself the *Peoples Illustrated Monthly* of Pittsburgh, and the editorial force, the contributors, and the accumulated material of the two, hereafter, will be used in making the POST a first-class paper. It is now, as it always has been, free from objectionable matter of every kind, and worthy of a place in any family.—*Daily Express, Easton, Pa., April* 21, 1875.

WE find among our exchanges this week the SATURDAY EVENING POST, the oldest literary paper in America. It was established in 1821, and has ever since been improving and growing in favor with the people, as is evidenced by the age, beautiful typography, and immense circulation which it now has, as well as the interesting matter which it contains. Send for it, for it is one of the best literary papers published in the United States, and is undoubtedly the oldest.—*Kansas News, Kansas, April* 30, 1875.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, an ever welcome visitor, announces that the *Peoples Illustrated Monthly*, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has been consolidated with the POST, which is now issued as an illustrated weekly. The POST has long been the best literary weekly published, and the combination now effected will make it even more attractive. We trust the enterprise will be rewarded by an increased circulation.—*Planet Embro, Oxford, Ontario, April*, 28, 1875.

MEXICAN GUM.—This article is now being imported very largely from Mexico, for only one purpose, and that is the manufacture of the celebrated Mexican Chewing Gum Candy, which is now carried on very extensively at 38 Vesey street, New York. We know the parties, and have lately visited the establishment. See their advertisement in another column, and send for some of it, for it is good.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY MARGERY LAIRD.

(Concluded.)

Late in the spring—the chilly New York spring—as it was, the 1st of April was a blustering stormy day. Gretel's blue eyes had not seen a bit of sky their own color for several hours, though the April morning had dawned bright and clear. As the evening shadows began to fall, Gretel laid aside her knitting and began to lay the cloth for supper. And such a supper! smoking hot and savory, topped off with the very best of Gretel's wonderful pumpkin pies.

"Now, grandfather," said Gretel, "you do just as I tell you, and we will have no trouble with your mischievous Herr Schmidt."

Then she bent her rosy, wise little mouth to his yellow ear and whispered for fully five minutes, during which Hans Brandt winked, and blinked, and puffed away at his short pipe. He had to use a very short one so that it might not interfere with his nose.

"Good morning, Herr Schmidt," remarked Gretel, quietly, turning around to the open door. "Please wipe your feet before you come in on my nice scrubbed floor."

For while the little maiden whispered, a great storm gust had been sweeping around the corner, and either that or a strong hand had burst the fastenings of Hans Brandt's sturdy portal; in the doorway stood the slight, blonde-haired Herr Swopperstein Hegelblimmer Auf Vondershonnen Schmidt. And so staid and yet stately were the commonplace directions of housewife Gretel, that almost before mynherr knew it he found himself carefully wiping his muddy feet on her rag mat. Then, with his old impatient gesture, he shook the raindrops from his curls, and stepped in.

"Glad to see me, eh! Hans Brandt?" said he; and burst into a sudden hearty laugh that made the stout rafters ring. "Bless me! what a nose!"

Poor Hans was shrinking and shaking in his arm chair, with his nose curled up all about him. He made an effort to rise and greet the imperious stranger, but Gretel tapped him lightly on the head.

"You must excuse grandfather for not giving you the best seat, Herr Schmidt," she said, politely; "but there is no other in the house that will hold both him and his nose."

And pretty Gretel whisked forward her own three-legged stool, on which Herr Schmidt perforce sat down, though in a very gingerly manner, being forced to double up his long legs.

"Are you going to marry me, Fraulein Gretel?" he asked, coming at once to his subject.

Gretel shook her head dubiously.

"You look rather shabby," said she, in a reflective tone.

He did. The gay crimson cap was soaked with water, and faded to a dull red; the bright dressing gown bore few traces of its original colors, and was ripped and ragged in many place. The point of remark was evident. He did not look like a prince come after his ladylove indeed!

Herr Schmidt frowned darkly, and turned out the green silk pockets of Hans Brandt's dressing gown. They were empty, and Gretel smiled staidly. Then he opened the wallet that he wore strung across his shoulders. It gaped like an oyster, but without the pearl. It was even emptier than the pockets, for not a shred of paper or torn silk clung to the smooth sides. Gretel's prospects of silk gowns and rose-covered carpets seemed very faint. In a second, however, the wrinkles were all smoothed out of Herr Schmidt's fair brow. He gave a little, quick laugh, and snatched off his velvet cap, shaking it till its tassels jingled like so many silver bells. And he shook out a perfect shower of bright gold pieces that rattled down upon the sanded floor. Gretel stooped and picked them up, still smiling, laid them on the table in little piles, then turned to Herr Schmidt.

"Supper is ready, Mynheer," she said.

Herr Schmidt arose with alacrity, but Hans Brandt kept his seat. As the handsome young stranger stepped lightly forward to a place at Gretel's side, he met with an accident. He stumbled over Hans Brandt's nose.

"Oh! oh! oh!" shrieked the poor little ex-tailor, starting up and reaching as far out as he could, in order to rub the injured organ, while Herr Schmidt lay kicking and sprawling on the floor.

He said not a word, however, but rose sulkily and took his seat at the well-spread table, to which Hans Brandt slowly waddled, with his lean fingers still stroking his proboscis, and tears of pain in his small, gray eyes.

The table was piled with all the Yankee and Dutch delicacies that Gretel's brain and deft hands could concoct. And Gretel's blue eyes shone serenely on the uninvited guest. But Herr Schmidt's pleasure in the repast was decidedly marred by the fact that Hans Brandt's nose was not only curled around his legs under the table in the most uncomfortable manner, but lay in quite a heap upon the cloth. Now, to have a man's olfactory organ in juxtaposition with your pudding may be necessary, but is surely not appetizing. And to have him breathing through it right into your mug of beer destroys the frothy foam! But Hans Brandt was Gretel's grandfather, and these trifles did not seem to discompose *Gretel* in the least.

So Herr S. bravely swallowed his schnapps and his dissatisfaction, and talked gaily to the pretty Fraulein about the beauties and pleasures of the town, with his eye upon the glittering gulden as he talked.

At last, in the midst of one of his most flowery sentences, a sudden motion of Hans Brandt's upset his glass of beer; he turned round about, and looking at the tailor for the first time, gave his nose a fillip that brought the brine into Hans' poor eyes.

"Keep your nose out of the gentleman's way, grandfather," said pretty Gretel with her mouth full of cheese.

Hans Brandt essayed feebly to move his awkward appendage, the end—the pimpled, ugly end of which went plump into Herr Schmidt's soup!

Hans Brandt shrieked in pain; Gretel got up to wipe the soup from the table cloth, and the scalded olfactory wriggled like a thing possessed.

"Take away your nose, good Hans," loudly exclaimed Herr Schmidt, as his cheese plate went after his soup. "Ach Himmel! Take away your nose!"

"*That* he cannot do without your kind permission, Herr Swopperstein Hegelblimmer Auf Vondershonnen Schmidt," said Gretel, sopping up the soup as if her life depended on it.

"Take away your nose, I tell you," said mynherr, edging away from the table. "Mein Haus, I tell you, I command you take away your nose!"

The last word was screamed out in a high falsetto, as the nose in its contortions, swept plates and mugs and the great smoking dish of pudding right off upon the floor.

And Hans Brandt stood and looked upon the ruin—looked broadly smiling upon the splinters of his best crockery, the woful waste of his brandy and suet. For, as he looked, he stroked delightedly his own blessed, well beloved little pug!

"The pumpkin pies are left," said Gretel, calmly, clearing away the debris and setting out fresh mugs and platters. "Herr Schmidt, if you are hungry there is more beer, and the pumpkin pies are left."

So the two sat down again in great good will and amity—Hans Brandt smiling all over, and himself again, after these weeks of woe. For the first use he made of his cure was to peer out through the window at Fraulein Betta gossipping with Frau Miller across the way.

"Still poking your nose into other folk's business, Mein Hans?" said Herr Schmidt, so sharply that the old man nearly jumped out of his chair, and kept his eyes on his plate for five full minutes at least.

At last said Herr S.:

"I want my answer, Fraulein Gretel; do you mean to marry me, my rose of the world?"

Gretel had never heard any of her sober Dutch lovers talk like *that*. The pink color deepened on her round cheek, but she replied gravely:

"Herr Schmidt, the Burgomaster's Fritz, has a goodly store of solid dollars, not fairy gold pieces that, like the gifts in the old tales of the Hartz Mountains, turn to dried leaves and dust." Here the maiden glanced askance at the piles of gulden on the white table-cloth; "but good dollars that will buy meat and beer and flour for his Hausfrau's use. And Fritz has a heart as good and true as his dollars, Mynherr."

"Pshaw!" cried Herr Schmidt, in scorn, "did ever a little Dutch maiden well born and bred, take *hearts* into account, Fraulein?"

"Hearts," said Gretel, gently, "are not as important in a household as red rix dollars, but they are good things, Herr S.; and my Fritz has the thalers, too."

Herr Schmidt rapped impatiently on the table with his slim white fingers.

"A heart I have not to give you," said he; "but I can work greater wonders with my gold pieces than Fritz with his love and his dollars, my child."

His blonde locks seemed to be fading in the firelight; there were wrinkles about the corners of his eyes. Over Gretel's mind flashed an old legend of New Volkenstrasse, and she shivered as she remembered how, once in every ten years, a wild spirit of the mountains was said to possess the power of taking youth and beauty for just six short weeks. Fading away always at midnight on the first of April, unless before that fateful hour he could win or force a mortal maiden to wed him. And then, the story went, he lived for ten years more on earth upon her bloom and freshness, casting her aside like a dry, soulless shell when she had blossomed long enough to serve his end.

Gretel had never put any faith in the story, though the Volkenstrassers still pointed to an old witch-like woman in the neighborhood, who, they whispered fearfully, had once been the mountain spectre's wife. Now, with the gay, blonde face of Herr Schmidt laughing at her across the table, the girl shivered as she recalled every feature of the half-forgotten tale. The going away of the bright young village beauty—as related by the elders to the circle of young men and maidens at the Schutzenfest just last year; the riches and charm of her stranger bridegroom; the mystery that fell at once like a pall over her life away from New Volkenstrasse; her sudden return ten years after, bent, withered, wrinkled, deaf and almost blind, yet claiming, with feeble tears, to be the blooming maiden who, at sixteen, had gone out from their midst. Only ten years! Gretel shivered again, and turned a little pale under the clear red and white of her skin.

"Are you cold, Fraulein Brandt?" asked Herr Schmidt, in his sweet voice; "does the night wind blow in at a crack?"

Surely his hair was grayer, and a sickly yellow shade had settled upon his face. But it might have been only the flickering, uncertain shadow cast by the wood fire. Gretel glanced at the clock.

"*Will* you marry *me*, pretty Gretel?" asked the stranger again, and very impatiently; and the maiden saw that the hour hand pointed to eight.

"Your grandfather is a magistrate; and my coach and horses wait us at the corner," said Herr Schmidt.

"I will marry you to him, Gretel," said Hans Brandt, whose heart was softened by the piles of gold pieces. And so the little Fraulein was deserted by all save her mother wit. She was conscious of a strange power in those steel-blue eyes; she saw that Herr Schmidt's manner had changed from persuasion into something like menace, and she saw the greedy glance that the ex-tailor fastened upon the glittering gold. Was it fancy and the sweeping of the wind and rain in the darkness, or did she see, too, at the window the white, shrunken face of the old witch-woman who twenty years ago this very night had gone off in her bloom with the spectre of the hills? The warm red blood turned cold in Gretel's veins. But her presence of mind did not desert her. She quietly cut herself another slice of pumpkin pie.

"Before I marry you, I would like to see the wonders you can work, Mynherr," said she, without a tremor in her voice.

"Wonders!" said Herr Schmidt; "and what wonders would you see, my rose of the world?"

"My name is Gretel Brandt," the girl answered; "and I like not to be called a rose, Herr Schmidt. Roses fade all too soon."

The strange guest looked at her keenly.

"Cabbages are truly of more use in housekeeping," said he. And he picked up a handful of gold pieces and threw them into the farthest corner of the room. "Shall we fill our cellar with the good provisions of New Volkenstrasse, Fraulein Brandt?"

The wide corner, empty and uncarpeted, suddenly blossomed like Frau Mittler's cabbage garden. Wherever the gold pieces fell, up rose a stack of vegetables—big brown potatoes, tempting squashes, beautiful green cabbages like mammoth roses, and monster pumpkins as yellow as gold.

Hans Brandt's eyes opened as wide as saucers, and Gretel forgot her terrors in housewifely delight, and clapped her plump white hands. Silks, and velvets, and shining crystal could never have tempted her as did this goodly vegetable array.

"Ach! Himmel!" cried Hans, "Fritz could never grow you such pumpkins as that, Gretel, child."

Gretel's mouth watered; enchanting visions of pots and pans rose before her vision, and the room seemed filled with a delightful odor of stewed pumpkins and cabbage soup. Mynherr might even then have won his bride, if a sudden exclamation of incautious Hans had not too strongly aroused the dormant imp of mischief in the breast of Herr Swopperstien Hegelblimmer Auf Vondershonnen Schmidt.

"*Der Teufel!*" cried the little tailor, "I would even give my head for such a pumpkin as that big one in the corner. *Ach Himmel!* I would even give my head!"

No sooner said than done. With a shrill laugh, Herr Schmidt flung a bright dollar at the big yellow head of Hans Brandt, poor Hans Brandt, who had learned his lesson so ill as to dare to speak hastily before his mischievous visitant. And before Gretel could cry out, the puckered, sallow face, dear to her from her cradle, had disappeared.

On Hans Brandt's shoulders he carried, instead of head, a monstrous overgrown pumpkin, nearly as big as his body, in fact just the exact size of the pumpkin in the corner, that goodly pumpkin that Gretel in her tender fancy had already made up into pies!

Alas Hans Brandt! He tried to cry out, but his mouth was sealed up; he could not even hear Gretel's shriek, nor see the malicious grin of Herr Schmidt; for ears and eyes were alike hidden away under seeds and skin. All he could do was to curse in his heart his own silly imprudence in speaking unadvisedly with his lips; and to smite his ruffled shirt-frills with his skinny hands. Alas, Hans Brandt!

Gretel ran to her grandfather and threw her arms about him; her staid, composed heart was wrung with anguish for the first time in her simple life. The pretty, placid Dutch maiden became a tigress for the nonce, and the forget-me-not eyes blazed like blue lightning as she turned them on Herr Schmidt.

"Out of this house, you imp of evil!" she cried. "Back, wicked spirit, to your black mountains. And I thank the good God that you must go alone!"

As she spoke the great clock rang out clear and sharp ten!

Herr Schmidt was green with rage, but he knew that his power was nearly over. Only by her own consent, however unwillingly extorted, could he wed the fresh human maiden, whose bloom was to feed his sapped life springs for ten years. And Gretel was lost to him forever more! He gnashed his teeth, too, when he remembered that he had partly to thank his own haste for his ill success.

His slender frame had shrunken in Hans Brandt's gay gown; the curls under the velvet cap looked thin and gray. His face seemed to have sunken in all at once, and his eyes were like deep caverns of fire. He stood staring at Hans Brandt, and trembling enraged Gretel—he looked somehow like a bundle of old bones and gaudy rags, crowned by a wicked, withered, malevolent face. The April storm burst over Volkenstrasse with new fury; flashes of lightning and peals of thunder followed each other in quick succession. The wind blew a shower of soot and rain down the wide open chimney and extinguished the light of the fire.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shrieked an unearthly voice above the sound of the rain, and by a flash of blue lightning Gretel saw a white, wild face at the window, the face that she had often run away from in her childhood—and a long, bony hand was held out in imitation to palsied, shrunken Herr Schmidt. "Ha! ha! ha!" shrieked the voice in a note of exulting invitation, shriller and fiercer than the storm.

When Fraulein Betta came over in the morning, she found strange silence and wonderful disorder. Crockery, and beer, and food scattered all about, and Gretel, white as death, in a faint upon the floor, while above her—sightless, voiceless—bent an aged, trembling form, with a great pumpkin upon its narrow shoulders, and Betta knew it by the great goggles, the ruffles, the snuff-colored suit to be Hans Brandt.

Gretel recovered from the fearful shock of that April night, but she was never the same Gretel. Her many lovers vowed that the slight nervousness of her manner was an added charm, but Frau Mettler insisted that Hans Brandt's Gretchen always had, to her eyes, a white, scared look. The first thing she did was to burn Herr Schmidt's coat and cloak, and hat, and even the very stool on which he had taken his seat. The magic vegetables and the gold pieces had disappeared with mynherr.

When the soft summer time came, Hans Brandt learned to grope his way about out of doors. His strange story was known to all, and the kindly villagers pitied him sincerely, though he never knew it, poor soul! What thoughts and sorrows were hidden away under that hideous pumpkin mask even Gretel could not tell. All he could do was to feel his way in his shirt sleeves—the little tailor's usual midsummer costume—to the house of his friend, the burgomaster, leaning on his old umbrella, carrying the documents that had been the pride of his heart in the days of his magisterial importance; blind to the children, and the flowers, and the blue sky, and the neighbor faces; hearing no sound, smelling no sweet scent—a poor, decrepit, blind-ridden old man! And before the winter came, the burgomaster and Gretel stood together in the big front room, and looked sorrowfully on the unlucky little tailor, dead in his arm chair. They buried his pumpkin head with him, and Gretel's grandchildren tell the story to the little ones of New Volkenstrasse nowadays. Though the spectre Herr Swopperstien Hegelblimmer Auf Vondershonnen Schmidt never re-appeared.

And nobody ever saw, after that April night, the white witch woman who for ten years had been the mountain spirit's wife.

On Hans Brandt's shoulders he carried, instead of head, a monstrous overgrown pumpkin, nearly as big as his body.

The Vine and the Oak.

A vine was growing beside a thrifty oak, and had just reached that height at which it requires support.

"Oak," said the ivy vine, "bend your trunk, so that you may be a support to me."

"My support," replied the oak, "is naturally yours, and you may rely on my strength to bear you up, but I am too large and too solid to bend. Put your arms around me, my pretty vine, and I will manfully support and cherish you, if you have an ambition to climb as high as the clouds. While I thus hold you up, you will ornament my rough trunk with your pretty green leaves and shining scarlet berries. They will be as frontlets to my head, and I shall stand in the forest like a glorious warrior with all his plumes. We were made by the Master of life to grow together, that by our union the weak may be made strong, and the strong render aid to the weak."

"But I wish to grow independently," said the vine. "Why cannot you twine around me, and let me grow up straight, and not be a mere dependent upon you?"

"Nature," answered the oak, "did not design it. It is impossible that you should grow to any height alone, and if you try it, the winds and the rain, if not your own weight, will bring you to the ground. Neither is it proper for you to run your arms hither and yon among the trees. The trees will begin to say, 'It is not my vine—it is a stranger. Get thee gone, I will not cherish thee.' By this time thou wilt be so entangled among the different branches, that thou canst not get back to the oak; and nobody will then admire thee or pity thee."

"Ah, me!" said the vine, "let me escape from such a destiny."

And with this she twined herself around the oak, and they both grew and flourished happily together.

THE heart loves repose, and the soul contemplation, but the mind needs action.

WHAT THE BIRDS SAY.

BY SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet and thrush say, "I love, and I love!"
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves and blossoms,
And sunny, warm weather,
And singing and loving
All come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings he,
"I love my love, and my love loves me."

SIMON GIRTY,

THE RENEGADE.

An Historical Tale of the Border.

By CHARLES McKNIGHT, Esq.,

Author of "Old Fort Du Quesne."

CHAPTER LXXXI.

THE MALOTT FAMILY OFF TO DETROIT.

When Blue Jacket sat down, Simon Girty arose, carefully restraining his passion, and commencing calmly yet growing in force and power and fervency each minute. He recounted his services and those of his brethren among the Indians; spoke of his undying hate to the "Long-Knives," and of the repeated instances in which he had exhibited it; gradually approached the late expedition, showing what he had done and why he had failed; and thus rising with the occasion, advancing to the front, and looking boldly around the assembly, he hurled back the imputations of his accusers and revilers with scorn. When had any ever seen him flinch from danger, or turn his back to the foe? He then softened down, and, taking a more humble attitude and assuming a more quiet tone, he alluded to the original capture of the Malotts; his long and fruitless efforts to recover the children; his mysterious recapture of the mother, and then the almost miraculous discovery of first the two children, then Kate, Moluntha's adopted daughter, and then the father, so crazed by the loss of his whole family, that, although a mild, gentle, and peaceable man, he had actually fled alone to the rocks and grown to be an Indian hater. And was the bold, deadly and terrible avenger, simply because he loved his family and was sure it had all been slaughtered by the Indians.

He then described how he had fallen upon and injured Black Hoof; how been rescued for the stake and fiery tortures by his own wife, and how, afterwards, when he discovered his great error, he had insisted on going to Black Hoof to ask pardon for his violence. That great chief, weak and pale from his wounds and bruises, was present. His heart was too brave and good to harbor injustice, and he would call upon him now to confirm his own words.

Girty then sat down quietly on a back seat. His speech was the most artful, eloquent and passionate of his life. His feelings had been hurt, his pride wounded, his reputation assailed; and he had defended himself with warmth, with energy, and with that earnestness that carries conviction.

There was a general ugh! ugh! when he had concluded, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon Black Hoof, one of the bravest, most prominent and most eloquent of their tribe.

Black Hoof, leaning upon his rifle, rose up with some difficulty and made a strong, forcible speech in behalf of his friend, Captain Girty. He defended him from hostile attacks. He had approved his plans and witnessed his bravery. He had been unfortunate in the late struggle, but through no fault of his, and had fought like a hero. He then actually surprised all by a manly and generous defense of Malott—the very man who had caused him all his bodily harm. The "pale-face" had been mistaken, but had frankly confessed it, and they were now friends.

This speech might have been called "a clincher." It is true that Big Capt. Johnny, as he was called—a huge, hideous-looking chief of colossal size and of ribald, vituperative tongue, got up and essayed to stem the tide of opinion; but his words were listened to with impatience. He was evidently "only beating the air." Two or three minor chiefs, of scowling visage and savage temper, followed in the same line; but it was patent to the very dullest that the battle had been fought and won.

Colonel McKee and Isaac Zane now made a few modest and sensible remarks, urging the release of this wonderfully-reunited family, and asserting that such an act would be highly pleasing to De Peyster, the Governor of Canada, who had himself taken a great interest in Mrs. Malott's efforts to recover her children, and he trusted the vote would be almost unanimous.

The last speaker was the good and greatly-beloved Moluntha. He was a very powerful, dignified orator, and his words ever carried great weight; but now, especially, when all knew that by giving up an adopted daughter, whom he ardently loved, he was by all odds making the greatest possible sacrifice, he was heard with unusual feeling and attention. His words were few and delivered with sadness. He discerned the work of the Great Spirit in so mysteriously preserving and uniting this family after so many years of separation; and, although his heart would suffer, he and his wives had already given Wa-ta-wa up to those whom she remembered with love, and who had a better right to her than he could claim.

Moluntha closed amid the most impressive silence. The vote was almost unanimous, and even that assembly of stoics, schooled as they were to suppress emotion, could not refrain from a most tumultuous outburst of feeling. They broke from the Council House like a noisy, unruly school of children. The news flew from hut to cabin, until the whole town was in a hubbub.

Numerous dances were inaugurated that night, in one of which Wa-ta-wa was persuaded to take part, and the feasting and revelry were carried far into the night. Girty appeared now at his very best. He was ever his own worst enemy. When in liquor he was fierce, stormy, vengeful, devilish. He took care, therefore, on the present occasion to abstain entirely. He moved around in high feather, using all his arts and gifts to cajole and conciliate.

The next day was spent in preparing for the long and fatiguing journey to Detroit. Girty wished to avoid Half King's town, and purposed taking the due north trail to Maumee Bay. From Zane and McKee he procured additional horses enough to mount the whole party. The one captured from Shepherd he presented to Moluntha, at the same time bestowing many gifts upon his wives.

On the following morning an early start was made. The little family cavalcade, preceded by a few friendly Indians and two traders returning to Detroit, was accompanied for many miles by Moluntha and his boy Lawba, and when the time came for a final parting, it seemed as if the affectionate little fellow could not and would not be comforted. The old chief, too, was quite sorrowful, and could scarce restrain his feelings. With tears in his eyes, he folded Wa-ta-wa in his arms for the last time, and begged her not to forget her Indian father.

We need not follow the travelers. Suffice to say, that after the usual incidents of a wilderness ride on horseback, they all arrived safely in Detroit, and were visited by Schuyler de Peyster, its commandant. There we will leave them.

Mr. Malott bore his journey well, his wound rapidly healing, and each day bringing him an increase of strength and happiness. His mind, so long harassed and disordered by his lonely and desolate life, and the wasting, consuming passions which filled his heart, was restored in time, and became again clear and tranquil.

And Girty, too! that singular paradox! that blending of man and demon! No one, on this long and trying journey, could have been kinder, gentler or more thoughtful. Every want seemed to be anticipated; every comfort supplied. To the children he was tender and patient; to Kate considerate; to her parents respectful. He may be said to have been his own antithesis. Who, that knew the Renegade's wild and stormful life, thickly studded with desperate, vengeful deeds, and so tempestuous with terrible outbreaks of passion, would have recognized him in the eager-eyed, soft-voiced, tender-hearted companion of women and children.

It was love, the enchanter, that wrought this miracle. It subdues the flintiest heart and exalts the most depraved character. Mr. and Mrs. Malott entertained for him an ever-increasing regard; while Kate—well, what shall we say of Kate? Can we wonder or blame her if, in her lone and unattractive life, surrounded for years by the rude, coarse, swarthy children of the wilderness, she looked upon Girty as a being greatly superior to her surroundings and associations; as one who had rescued her from bondage, and restored her to her family; who had never been anything but kind, loving and affectionate to her. She—just bloomed into womanhood—had only seen the best and most winning traits of his character, and felt flattered by his too evident preference for her. Pray, why, should she not love him?

CHAPTER LXXXII.

MAJOR ROSE INTERVIEWS BETTY ZANE, AND IS ——.

The joy and delight of the whole Wheeling settlement at the safe return of the victors and the rescue of the captives, was great and universal. Nothing could be more hearty or ungrudging than the attentions bestowed upon Major Rose and Captain Brady. They seemed to be the welcome guests of the whole people. All vied with each other in contributing to their comfort and entertainment.

Major Rose had but a brief time to stay. It was the 15th of May when the boating party left Fort Pitt, and it was the evening of the 21st when they arrived at Fort Henry; all the events which we have been so long narrating having occurred within the compass of one busy crowded week.

The important expedition against Sandusky was to start from Mingo Bottom on the 25th, and Rose must go with it. He and Dr. Knight were the two selected by General Irvine, of Fort Pitt, in order, as it were, to lend it an official sanction.

Only then three days left. They must hurry indeed. The major, therefore, had but little idle time on his hands. A series of boat rides, horse races, rifle matches, rides "to the hounds," hunting excursions and other manly open-air sports peculiar to the border of that time, were gotten up in his honor.

Brady's wound was rapidly healing under the skilful ministrations of Mrs. Ebenezer Zane, and in some of these entertainments he was glad to participate. When his leg wound would not allow of this, he always had the pleasant company of ladies and gentlemen of a culture and refinement very unusual on a rough and exposed frontier.

Miss Swearingen was his frequent companion. Their late forced trip into a hostile Indian country had thrown them almost constantly together, and under circumstances, too, best calculated to excite all the tenderest emotions of the heart. Brady had long been hopeful, but lately he had found time and occasion to speak his feelings and was glad to occupy the relation of accepted lover to the gentle and accomplished Drusilla Swearingen.

It would have been difficult for one who now saw them together for the first time, to decide whether Lydia Boggs or Betty Zane occupied most of Major Rose's thoughts. He was oftenest with the former—used to take forest rambles and make cave excursions, or scour the beech woods on long, mad rides with her, Lydia mounted on Black Bess and he on Liverpool. Her dash, spirit and *abandon* charmed him and he seemed never to tire of her free, joyous laugh, or her odd and self-willed ways.

But a close observer would occasionally note a distraction of thought in Rose. When with Lydia he merely passed the time; but with Betty, he thought and felt more. He was less at his ease, but more to his liking. His occasional anxious looks, fits of moodiness and embarrassed expressions betrayed the lover, but not the accepted lover. He was on insecure footing. You could discern it in his voice, his looks, his manners. Her behavior to him was too fitful, wayward and capricious to give him assurance. At times he was assured by her frankness and gaiety; then repelled by her indifference. He was plainly on tenter hooks with her; would aspire to climb, but that he feared to fall; would speak the words to decide his fate, but dreaded the result. Even this varying suspense was better than a cruel reverse.

The last evening of his stay Major Rose took a final ramble with Betty Zane. He was to start early the next morning, with the Wheeling and Yellow Creek scouts; the former to join the expedition against the Sandusky Indians, which was now assembling at Mins Bottom. Whether he would ever return to Fort Henry would much depend on his inscrutable companion. How did he stand with her? he did not know exactly, but was not very hopeful.

She had ever been kind, gentle, and amiable, it is true; but then again there was a something so frank, so unconstrained, and so unembarrassed in all her conduct towards him that he feared—he could not help it. He knew he possessed her respect, her esteem, her grateful friendship; he wanted more, but watched in vain for those infallible signs by which lovers detect, or think they do, a tenderer feeling.

If she loved him, such was his conclusion, she was a most artful adept at concealing her real feelings. There were many painful pauses and embarrassments in their conversation. He was moody, nervous, melancholy; she, unusually—we may say—unnecessarily gay and rattling, cunningly avoiding all dangerous subjects, and seemingly anxious to steer clear of all conversational traps and pitfalls.

They were seated on a moss-covered log, and the conversation gradually drifted around to the coming expedition, and then to his parting on the morning.

"Oh, but you'll be back again to see us soon, won't you, major? You've made so many friends here; and Lydia, and Drisilla, and—and all of us prisoners feel so grateful for your attentions and services."

Major Rose was silent for a moment, and commenced nervously twitching up the grass with his foot. "Shall I speak and end this cruel suspense?" was the query he was trying to answer. With a great gulp he managed to stammer out:

"No—no. I don't think I'll be back, unless—unless Miss Zane wishes it especially."

She looked frightened. It was coming now.

"Miss Zane," she answered, pleasantly, "will always be glad to see Major Rose—she has reason to be ever grateful to him."

He cast a quick, eager glance at his companion, and said softly, but earnestly:

"Miss Betty, gratitude is a cold, dutiful sort of a feeling. I would have something warmer, from the heart. You ought to know it by this time. You must have seen—have felt that my feelings for you are far more than those of mere friendship."

He watched her keenly, anxiously. Her face was cast down, a vivid blush mantled her cheeks. At last she said, in a low but kind voice:

"Major Rose, I will not affect to misunderstand you. I have seen that you entertained very warm feelings towards me—far warmer than I deserved; yes, than I—than I—why should I not speak frankly at this hour?—than I wished. You must have seen that I have not encouraged them."

"I have and I have not, Miss Zane," said the major, ruefully. "At times I've thought you had a warm regard for me, and then again it seemed as if you would avoid me."

"Not avoid, major; don't say that, please. I was anxious, though, that you should not be disappointed, that—well I can't say more with due maidenly modesty."

"You know, Miss Zane, that I'm a foreigner; that—that—you may have heard how I came to be General Grimes' aid, and may look upon me as one who dare not take his own name, or reveal his origin or connections—in a word, as an adventurer. I assure you——"

"Entirely needless, major. You have the bearing, the manners, and the conduct of a gentleman, and so think all who know you. I do, of course, believe that John Rose is not a foreign but an assumed name, and that there is some strange mystery about you; but, believe me, I have never desired to pry into your affairs—have neither the right nor the curiosity."

"And yet, Miss Zane, it is proper that I should say frankly to *you*—not as any motive to a change of feeling, but simply as a duty to one whom I esteem so highly—that my name is *not* John Rose, that my family is one of the very best in Europe, that I am a person of high rank, and——"

"Major," interrupted Betty, kindly, "these revelations are of your own making. I shall keep your secret, but my esteem for you is based on what I know and have seen and heard of you. If you were a prince in disguise, it would neither debase nor elevate you in my regard."

"You have several times, Miss Zane, alluded to certain fits of gloom and abstraction under which I have the misfortune to labor, and have, pleasantly, to be sure, warned me that I was making life unhappy for myself and for those whom——"

"I beg, major, that you will not say more on this score. It was only on your own account that I ever ventured to allude to this. I supposed, of course, they had connection with your mystery, and——"

"Oh, they have, they have, indeed, my friend," pleaded Rose, feelingly. "I am an innocent sufferer. I am not only an exile from my country, my friends and my dear family, but *I* am a shedder of blood. I have killed an adversary in a duel. I am a tender-hearted man, probably a weak and foolish one, Miss Zane, and although this duel was forced upon me, not in my own interest, or to protect my own home, but in behalf of a revered uncle who was too old and feeble to resent a gross insult, yet still, Miss Zane, there's blood on my skirts. I feel it. It has weighed on me like an incubus. It haunts me day and night, and at times I am wretched indeed. Have pity on me."

Rose had risen abruptly, and was pacing to and fro before the astonished girl in great agitation, and with tears welling down his cheeks.

Betty was so amazed at this violent outbreak that she could not utter a word. At last she said, softly and sympathetically:

"Major, you are—I am—this is indeed painful and unexpected. I had no idea—I am at a loss what to say, or how to console. Believe me——"

"It is over, Miss Betty. I have been simple and childish. Pardon me, and do me the justice to believe that I did not mention all this with any desire or expectation of changing your feelings. It was just forced out of me. It is so hard to love another, and not to be loved in return—to think that I am compelled to the hard duty of appearing under false colors and with a feigned name, that—that—I thought—but no matter what I thought. The dream is over. My hopes are crushed. The blow is a hard one on me, and yet I am bound in truth and honor to say that it is not entirely unexpected. You have treated me fairly—have never deceived me. There is only one thing more I would beg of you."

"My dear friend," said Betty, quickly and heartily, so relieved now that all was thoroughly understood between them, and that she could keep her place in his highest esteem, "anything you can ask and that I can in reason grant, be assured that I will grant it; and as for what you have been pleased to tell me to-night, I shall keep it inviolable, sacredly, secret as the grave."

"Thanks, Miss Betty; my query is this. I have sometimes thought that your affections were not your own to bestow, that you were——"

"Major," interrupted Betty, quickly and haughtily, "this is truly unkind—more, it is——"

"Nay, now Miss Zane, you *must* hear me through. It is *not* unkind, but it would be a very, very dear consolation for me to know that this resolve of yours is not on account of my own unworthiness, that if your heart was free to give, I might have possessed it. I will not ask you to speak one word, but will take your silence as an intimation that I might have won your heart under other, under more favorable circumstances."

A most embarrassing silence ensued. The test to which Betty was exposed could not be avoided without painful explanations. She sat with her eyes cast down for a few moments, a blush of scarlet diffused over her whole face and neck. At last she said, in low tones:

"Had we not better rejoin our friends?"

Major Rose walked silently by her side, tried hard to talk on various subjects, excused himself from entering Colonel Zane's house, and bade her, with her hand to his lips and in a whirlwind of suppressed emotion, farewell forever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THREE GREAT ARTISTS.

Three great men in Italy stood highest in the ranks of art at the highest time of her seeming greatness; closely connected in experience, widely separated in individual character, each showing in various degrees the extraordinary gifts, which, in some form, have never died out from the Italian race—all equally affected by the manners and policy of the age; all "mighty men." These three were Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael. To be a great artist was by that time a passport both to employment and popularity. The world had then begun to seek them for themselves as well as for their art. Society had reached that intellectual point when genius is not only patronized but lionized. No one of these three great men was bound by convent rules or fettered by partnerships, each stood individual and alone, though drawing numbers round himself. The outline of their characters, therefore, is lost in no common ground; and no thread of history is more trustworthy to follow than the lives and fates of such men. Two of them, Leonardo and Michael Angelo, were before and beyond their age—the one intellectually, the other morally; while Raphael in both respects stood on a par with it. Leonardo and Raphael were men of the world, supple, courtier-like, swimming with the stream; Michael Angelo was stern and upright, and always in conflict with it. Leonardo was the greater genius; Michael Angelo the nobler spirit; Raphael the happier man. Of one so sympathetic and successful as Raphael it is difficult to give a telling outline. Misfortune did not try him, success did not spoil him, length of life did not weary him; accordingly the course of the man and the painter presents that smoothness on which the moralist can lay little hold. Leonardo's gifts were so incredibly numerous and varied as to hinder the development of his career in any one of them; he was also fastidous, procrastinating, and apparently unconscientious; and never was so lofty a fame in art maintained by works so few, so ruined, and so uncertain as those he has left behind him. Michael Angelo was the impersonation of laboriousness and conscientiousness, but his time and his genius were wasted by the authority of ignorance and caprice; and it was only by the perseverence of an honest purpose, the energy of a great mind, and the opportunity of a long life that he accomplishes the stupendous monuments that immortalize him. As to Raphael, the number of his creations as compared with the shortness of his career are such as to lead us to infer that equal facility and perfection of production were never compatible before or since. Leonardo worked slowly; Michael Angelo furiously; of Raphael's mode of labor we can only be sure that it was a delight to him. In character of art Leonardo and Michael Angelo were both strictly new; Raphael not so new as so perfect. Finally, their portraits are the types of the men. Leonardo, handsome and highbred, with an Italian's dignity, but a courtier's mask: Raphael, young, beautiful, and unruffled; Michael Angelo's the mournfulest countenance we can look upon.

THE FINGERS.

The ring-finger, though the weakest in the hand, possesses its peculiar honor and dignity, as ladies will allow. Indeed, it has been held to be typical of their sex. An old writer describes the human hand as representing the life of the universe. The thumb stands for the deity, without which the hand is powerless. The forefinger is likened to the angelic creation, the middle finger to man, the ring-finger to woman, and the little finger to the animal kingdom. These similes, if not very felicitous, are sufficiently quaint. In many other ways the hand has been supposed to be emblematic. This symbolism has penetrated to the nursery. A nurse will make a child put its two palms together, knitting them by closing the two middle fingers. In this position the child is told to separate the two thumbs, which it does with ease, and thereupon is told that "brother and sister may part." It is next asked to separate the forefingers, which also it easily does, and is informed that "father and son may part." Then it is required to separate the two little fingers, and upon doing this is told that "mother and daughter may part." It is now told to try and separate the two ring-fingers. This, as the middle fingers are locked together, it cannot possibly do, and is thereupon told that "wife and husband *cannot* part."

SOME DAY.

Some day, we say, and turn our eyes
Toward the far hills of Paradise.

Some day, some time, a sweet, new rest
Shall blossom, flower-like, in each breast.

Some time, some day, our eyes shall see
The faces kept in memory.

Some day their hands shall clasp our hands
Just over in the morning lands.

Some day our ears shall hear the song
Of triumph over sin and wrong.

Some day, some time, but oh! not yet,
But we will wait and not forget

That some day all these things shall be,
And rest be given to you and me.

So wait my friend, though years move slow,
The happy time will come we know.

A GIFT FROM HEAVEN!

BY PIERCE EGAN.

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "Violet; or, The Wonder of Kingswood Chase," "Her First Love," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER IX—[CONTINUED].

It is impossible to describe the mingled sensations which dazed the brain of Harcourt as he fastened his eyes eagerly, yearningly upon the weird child before him

He remembered the face of the little slumbering angel he had left in the vicarage porch, and which he knew to be his and Floye's child. He had pictured to himself that she would grow into a tall, graceful girl, with a pure, sweet face; but what did he see? Not by any means an ugly or repellent creature, but a something he knew not how to define even to himself.

With a feeling of excoriation in his throat, he thought:

"And this is my legitimate daughter—my lawful, legal offspring, born in wedlock—heiress to my fortune and my name. Pheuzh!"

A flush of burning heat, and a steam of hot perspiration made his skin unpleasantly humid from crown to heels.

"What, in the name of Lucifer, am I to do with her? What *can* I do with her?" he asked himself fifty times in less than a minute.

The first prompting of his mind, as being the readiest and least troublesome course, was to leave matters as they were. He had only to keep the secret in his own breast, and leave this curious bit of humanity to work out her destiny as fate decreed, and as far as he was concerned there would be an end of it.

"But," said the still, small voice, "she is your own flesh and blood, man. You not only brought her into this world of sin and sorrow, but you placed her where she is. It is you who are to blame for her present condition, not she. Shame upon you for a dog if you desert her again, and leave her to perish miserably—to be, perhaps, hunted out of life by the mongrels from whom you saved her."

His forehead was still as red as a crimson belt. He twisted the points of his moustache.

"Yes, that is all very well," he responded, silently. "If I take her from here, I must have her properly clothed somewhere: then, with whom can I place her if I get over that difficulty? What lady principal of a scholastic college such as *I* ought to send my daughter to would take her in? Who could I say she was? Daughter of a dead officer. Pooh! how could she have been so neglected? What can I say? No—no, I'll make an excuse, give her some gold, and go back as I came."

"But Lao! What about your feelings of revenge and vindictive hatred of her?" asked that inward monitor.

He sprung as if he had been lashed by a whip of steel.

"Though the infernal regions set up a fiery path in my way, I'll take her. I'll do it. Anything can be done with money. Everyone has a price, even a lady principal. I'll do it!"

As this determination fixed itself in his mind, the old woman who had seen him enter, and had been eyeing him wistfully, rose slowly and moved towards him. On reaching him, she surveyed him from head to foot in momentary silence, and then said:

"What may be your pleasure, sir?"

With burning cheeks and parched tongue, he said:

"Are you Deborah Keyne?"

"I be, sir," she replied.

"You were many years in the service of the late Reverend Mr. Milborne, of the vicarage yonder?" he pursued.

The old woman moaned, bowed her head, and clasped her hands together.

"Woe's me, sir. Woe's me to my sorrow, sir!"

"No doubt, no doubt—hem! They left no children, I believe," he remarked, with ill-concealed embarrassment.

He felt like one who was conscious of standing over a powder mine, and that he had himself applied the fuse to fire it.

But shaking her head, she replied:

"No, no, no, neither chick nor child, or I would not be as I am—and here."

"One child, I thought?" he suggested.

"No, no, no, I tell you, not even a relation, as I heerd of."

Somehow Harcourt felt as if a load had been taken off his chest. This little wildfire might not be his child after all.

"I have made some mistake in the place," he thought, more cheerfully. "A village farther on——"

Yet, at the same moment, the narration of the woman now living at the vicarage recurred to him.

He coughed twice or thrice uneasily, and then said:

"Had they not an adopted child?"

The old woman looked up sharply at him. She gazed questioningly in his face.

"Do you know that?" she asked.

"I have been told as much," he rejoined.

"Is that all you know?" she interrogated, still peering steadfastly at him beneath her long, shaggy white eyebrows.

He paused for a moment to make up his mind what course to pursue, and then, as if urged by some inward force he was unable to control, he returned:

"I know this. About ten years ago a female child, carefully protected from the sharp morning air, was placed sleeping in the porch of the vicarage upon the brow of yonder cliff."

"Go on," pressed the dame, glancing sharply from his face to that of the child and back again.

"Was that the adopted child of whom I have—a—been told?" he questioned.

He, too, glanced at the girl, who was playing with the tongue of the huge dog in so rough a fashion that he seemed inclined to respond by a savage bite.

"You must tell me something more about that sleeping babe before I answer you," returned the old woman.

He lifted his eyebrows, and marvelled at her reticence. It had occurred to him that she would spring at any clue to the paternity of the child, so that she might get rid of such a troublesome and expensive incumbrance.

"What more would you have?" he demanded, with contracted brows. "It is something to be able to tell you that a child was mysteriously placed within the vicarage porch; but to complete the proof that I do know a little of the secret history, there was a piece of paper attached to the child's cloak, on which was written——"

He paused abruptly.

"What?" she asked, sharply.

He cleared his throat.

"From Whom the gift came," he replied, emphatically.

A harsh, discordant, scornful laugh, more like a caustic cry of lamentation, burst from the old woman. She threw up her hands, and with a look of savage reproach at the girl, cried:

"Ha! ha! A gift from the Father of Sin—a fiery brand from the Brimstone Pit—an apple from Satan the Tempter!"

The girl echoed her cry with shrill peals of silvery laughter, which seemed to penetrate the temples of Harcourt, and make his brain ache. She whirled her white arms in the air, and spun round the black dog with such rapidity that she seemed to make him giddy, for he swayed to and fro, and barked affrightedly.

She continued her circling gambols for at least a minute, if not longer; and then she abruptly paused, and advancing to Harcourt, she shook back her wild locks as if they were wavy folds of dusky gauze, and fastening her brilliant, intense eyes on his, so as to make him feel aghast, she exclaimed, between scattered bubblings of impish laughter:

"I am Giftie, don't you know. It is me—me—me! Ha! ha! ha! Look at me. I am the Giftie Dove from the skies! I—I—I!"

Then with the wild *abandon* of one of the untutored houris of the Islands of the Pacific, she seized her dog by the ears, and capered about so extravagantly that he growled and snapped savagely, showed his great white fangs, and seemed as though he would spring on her and fasten upon her throat, until Harcourt felt his hair creep up, and cold perspiration evade from every pore.

"Imp! Be still!" screeched the old woman. "Perhaps this lord has found a mother for you. If you bain't still you shan't go to her."

If those words had been a charm with which to palsy the child it could scarcely have so instantaneously stilled her.

Like two blue, gleaming stars her eyes fastened on the face of Harcourt. She struck down the dog Panther with her hand, and placed her bare foot on his neck, and he lay as still as though he had been carved in black polished marble.

The moment he was motionless she moved towards Harcourt, and placing her hand upon his arm, looked wistfully in his face, and, with a curious tremor in her voice, said:

"You will not tell me a lie, will you?"

"No," he answered, feeling something leap up into his throat.

Something of Floye's eyes, something of the expression of Floye's features, and more than something of Floye's tone of voice, thrilled every nerve in his veins.

Yet an instant, and the old woman caught the girl by the arm, swung her round, and hurled her almost to the end of the hut.

"Wait," she cried, roughly, "we must know more yet before we open our mouths. Now, sir lord or squire," she added, as the child, having recovered her equilibrium, returned, with an expression on her features which indicated mischief to the old woman, "you have said a little which seems to say you know something about a foundling. Do you know who laid it where it was found?"

"I do," he replied, quickly.

"And after all these years, in which you took no notice of the outcast, you have come to claim it, I suppose?"

"Well—a—yes—of course—a—yes," he returned in an embarrassed tone.

The admission was out before he had reflected what would be the best to say; but although he fancied he had committed an error in being too quick, he thought it would be easy to decide hereafter what he would do with her.

"You say there was a paper pinned to the brat's cloak, and that is right," pursued the old woman, scanning his features with a closeness which made him feel uncomfortable, for he saw that she was, in her way, reading him through and through. "What else had she about her in particular?"

"What do you mean—clothes?" he inquired.

"Oh, no. Something which only those who left her could know," returned the old woman, with a confident nod, "and which they must describe to my satisfaction before I parts with her."

Harcourt racked his brain. Why, if he remembered rightly, he had removed everything from the child's apparel which would be likely to afford a clue to whence she came!

"There was nothing else," he rejoined, with decision.

"You are quite sure?"

"Quite sure."

"And you have come to take away the child you say was left at the vicarage with Parson Milborne?"

"A—well—a—yes."

"If you can give me no better description than you have, you must be off without her."

"Nonsense, woman."

"I took a death-bed oath not to give her up but to them as describes the symbol she bore, for it said she belonged to them, and to no one else. So you may go your way. You will not take her from me until you can tell me what you ought to know if she is yours."

Harcourt turned his eyes upon the girl, who stood motionless as a statue, with her arms down, and her fingers interlocked before her. Her face was as white as marble, her brows were knitted, and her lurid eyes were fastened upon old Deborah Keyne with a look so full of evil that it disturbed him not a little.

"She would be no end of trouble to me," he thought. "I never saw such a fiendish little vixen. I'll leave well alone. The old woman shall keep her. It would be madness for me to have charge of her. What could I do with her?"

He bent his eyes on the old woman, and said:

"I have given you sufficient information to show you I do know who she is, how she was left, and all that; I have nothing more to describe."

"Everybody for miles knew for months afterwards that a foundling had been left at the vicar's door," responded the old woman, doggedly; "that a paper was pinned to its cloak, and what was on the paper. Anybody could have told you that; but there was something else which only the person who placed the child there can know. Tell it me and she is yours. If you can't, go your way, and leave me to my life of care."

Harcourt was astounded. What in the name of mystery could she mean? He knew of no token, and said so; and then the old woman hobbled to the door, and opened it.

"Trouble me no more!" she exclaimed, roughly; "I have more than my share of sorrow. There lies your way, sir."

"Then you refuse to part with the girl?" he said, strengthening himself in the idea that what was happening was for the best; "although I tell you that I know her—father, and her—ahem!—that is, I did—know her mother."

"You don't prove you have a right to Giftie, and I'll part with my life before I parts with her to any but those who do. Go, sir; you are only vexing us both, and you can't—you sha'n't have the waif."

Before Harcourt was prepared for any such movement, the old woman took him rudely by the arm, pushed him over the threshold into the garden, closed the door, and he heard a bolt drawn.

A feeling of irritable resentment rushed up into his brain, and he strode away across the common at a swift pace.

"Serves me right," he muttered between his teeth. "I was a fool to seek her out; the little savage is better where she is, and there she may remain for me."

Believing that he was making his way to the vale that led to the cliff on which stood the old church and vicarage, he passed through a labyrinth of stone fences, by which the land was parcelled out into allotments. He kept on for nearly a mile or more, and then found himself, to his amazement, on the verge of a coastway of gigantic rocks, piled on each other in disordered confusion, and against the bases of which tremendous sea waves broke, and hurled up spray fifty feet in the air.

At this juncture one of those tremendous whirlwinds of thunder, lightning, and rain, which break on the sea-beat coasts without warning, burst over him. He just caught a glimpse of a cottage built in a nook in a series of jutting crags, and, terrified out of his wits, made a dash for it; but he was drenched to the skin before he arrived there. He, however, found an old fisherman within, and obtained shelter and a change of clothes while his own were placed before a wood fire to dry, a process which promised to occupy some hours at least.

Several hours indeed had elapsed, night had set in, and the moon was rising, and the clothes were not yet dry enough to wear. He had given the old fisherman some money, and had despatched him to the village for some provisions; he, therefore sat alone over the fire, brooding on the strange events of the morning, when his attention was attracted by a tapping on the window-ledge (there was no glass covering to the opening that let in light and air), and, when he turned to it, to his astonishment he saw the white, striking face of Giftie.

He sprang to the door and opened it, and found her outside, with the dog at her side. She was panting for breath, and looked wan and excited.

"Come with me," she cried, showing her chattering teeth. "They swear they'll murder you. Old Jan Penreath told 'em you were here. Come!"

"What do you mean, girl?" he asked, utterly bewildered.

"You don't know miner folk," she cried, impatiently and hurriedly. "Come on! They means to murder you. Leave thy fine clothes there—empty the pockets, though—an' come as you are. Quick! They mean to fling you over the cliffs, I tell you."

"Why?" he persisted.

She caught hold of his arms with a wild, passionate clutch, and looked up into his face with an expression that for the moment stopped the beating of his heart.

"You know my mother," she said, in tones that thrilled him; "you want to take me to her. I told Deb I would go with you, and I ran away. I couldn't find you anywhere; but I found Deb has roused the village, said you had kidnapped me, went down on her knees to the miners, and they've all turned out on the hunt. I was hiding just where old Jan Penreath came up to 'em, and they set on him. He told 'em he'd left you here, but not me. Thought you'd thrown I into the sea, for you was as white as a ghost, and wet as seaweed, when you came to him alone."

The dog set up a growl, and showed restiveness.

"Come," added the girl, excitedly, pulling him after her. "They'll fling you over the rocks before they ask you a question."

Utterly demoralized, Harcourt suffered her to lead him down among the rocks on the very brink of terrific precipices, places of danger he would never have ventured near in his calmer moments, until at last he felt the spray beating in his face, and found they had reached the shore of a little cove. In a kind of fissure in the rock a boat was riding in comparatively smooth water, and into this the strange girl stepped with a light, practised step, followed at a bound by Panther. But with a shrill scream she hied him back up the rocks, bidding him keep watch. With a low growl, and with singular intelligence, he obeyed her, and disappeared. She then beckoned Harcourt with a hurried gesture to follow her.

He hesitated. She threw her hand upwards to the cliffs that frowned over them.

"I can hear them howling like hounds up there," she muttered.

He stepped in, and she cast off the headfast; then, with a scull, she pushed it clear of the fissure into the open water, hauled the sheet of the sail aft with a sudden force which made the boat heel over and spring like a war-horse under the lash, threw herself in the stern-sheets, and, taking the helm, directed the boat's course under the shadow of the mountainous rocks, but at racing speed, for a stiff breeze was blowing, towards a dark, hazy headland which ran out into the sea at least two miles away.

The broad face of a full, dusky, silver moon rose slowly up out of the great bed of black waters, and cast a grim, ghostly light on the spirit-like girl who, with wondrous self-possession, grasped the tiller firmly, and guided the boat with a skill and knowledge which could only be the result of long practice.

Harcourt sat motionless, speechless, and strangely sore at heart. Only his brain whirled.

"I am in the grip of fate," he thought.

"What next?"

As if in answer, there came from the cliffs the sharp crack of a rifle, and presently there was the hissing surge of a bullet in the sea unpleasantly close to the stern of the boat.

From the girl's lips there burst a wild peal of sprite-like laughter.

With a lunge of the hand she put the tiller hard over, and the boat, which had been running under the black shadow cast by the high wall of rock, swerved out into the more open water and in the broad moonlight, rendering them and their little vessel easily distinguishable objects.

"They've some o' the volunteers wi' 'em," she cried, gleefully. "They thinks themselves good shots. We'll show 'em what bad ones they are."

Harcourt rose up half aghast, for, as they surged into the brilliantly lighted waters, another bullet went "ping" past his ear and plob into the sea.

"Ha! ha! missed again!" screamed the girl, and kicked up her feet with huge delight.

CHAPTER X.

A STARTLING PIECE OF NEWS.

Lao retired to her boudoir after the departure of Harcourt on his pretended mission to inspect a property in North Devon, and dismissed her maid, saying that she had letters to write, and did not wish to be interrupted.

As soon as the girl left the room, she began to pace it moodily and agitatedly.

She pressed her hair back from her temples; she clasped her hands together, and compressed them.

"Alone, and for a week—a whole week without him—a whole week to think freely, unreservedly—to act. A week! It is an age for me," she muttered between her set lips. "It is ten years—ten thousand years—since that—that awful night. What has happened since? What happened?—what? I hunted the English newspapers, *Galignani*—every publication abroad which was likely to give the particulars, or even to mention a murder, the perpetrator of which was as yet undiscovered. Murder!"

She writhed and twisted her hands, and arms, and body into contortions with an ebullition of frantic and useless rage.

"Murder!" she repeated, with foaming lips, "and for what? Oh, fool! oh, fool! not to foresee that wealth needs accessories—and such accessories—to make happiness. For the sake of wealth I have lived a life which incarceration in the withering regions of Satan could hardly parallel. I have tied myself to a man I loathe—who, like myself, is crushed under the weight of some tremendous secret which makes society to him a source of agonized apprehension. What is his secret? Can it resemble mine? Has he——"

She pressed her hands tightly about her throat, and laughed hysterically.

"Well mated," she exclaimed, sighing as if her heart would break. "Not a word have I heard respecting the proceedings of my interview with Templemore on that accursed night. Perhaps he did not die. Oh, heaven help me, I hope not! Yet, if he were to be alive now, what would not be the horror of my position! Yes, he must be dead. I should have heard if he had lived. And the boy—the boy—so beautiful, so like his father. If I could but see him! No, no; he would curse me—curse me!"

She burst into a passion of tears, but presently, with an angry impatience, she pressed her burning eyelids with her handkerchief, and murmured:

"Tears are not for such as me. I have done with weeping. Still, this suspense is insupportable, and I must end it. I must make inquiries. I must learn Templemore's fate, and what became of the boy. But how, how?"

While racking her brain for a plan on which to proceed she suddenly clapped her hands, exclaiming:

"I have it! De Rougemont! He knew Templemore at college, but did not know that I was afterwards married—pshaw!—acquainted even with him before I married Harcourt. He will be sure to be in the park to-day. I will cross his path without appearing to see him, and give him the chance of approaching me."

This decision was no sooner arrived at than she summoned her maid and commenced her toilet. Never had she perhaps taken more pains to make the most of her charms, and never before had she been more successful. She was in the very prime of life; her features, regular to a fault, were now fully, but not over developed, while her luminous eyes, always indicative of the fire that burned in her soul, could not in the first days of her womanhood have been more lustrous than now, when she had a deep design planned, waiting only to be worked out.

She paused before her glass, which gave to her all her form, with its graceful tasteful accessories of dress. She was satisfied with the inspection, and a smile of triumph curled her small, expressive lips. It was displaced by one of disdainful contempt.

"And this is the height of woman's ambition," she murmured, scornfully, "as I have seen it and known it—pshaw! felt it; I may own that to myself. But not now—no, not now. I am sick of love—I hate the very name of it. Yet life is not all a blank to me. I aspire to command, to reign, and I can only do so through the weakness of the unscrupulous lords of the creation. Ugh! I must have a slave. De Rougemont will serve to begin with. To some woman he would be very dangerous; to me—no. I can play him as a skilful angler plays a trout. When he snaps at the bait and is hooked, I will have as much mercy on him as the fisherman has on the victim of his 'gentle craft.'"

She laughed scornfully, swept from her chamber, and descended to a handsome carriage and pair which awaited her at the entrance of the great hotel, and was borne swiftly by a splendid pair of highbred bays to the drive in the park, which, as he had anticipated, she found thronged with equipages of all descriptions, bearing patrician and parvenu.

Lao reclined indolently in her carriage, and suffered her long black silken lashes to fall like shining fringe over her eyes, as though "man delighted not her, nor woman neither." Yet not an equipage with claims to superior position passed with its occupants unscanned by her, nor a horseman with an aristocratic ex-

terior without a furtive glance which made her mistress of all she desired to know respecting him.

Many were the eager looks addressed to her by the surprised eyes of elegantly-dressed and fashionable women and girls—questioning looks, too, for she was evidently of a high stamp, and yet was unknown.

Especially, too, did she examine the faces of the men, though not seeming to do so, for she forced her face to be as expressionless as a mask, yet for a time without result.

Suddenly her heart came into her throat with a bound, for she beheld Col. Rougemont mounted on a splendid bay, full of antics, and accompanied by two or three other pedestrians of the same patrician order as himself, slowly advancing towards her.

Her carriage was moving at a walking pace. She instantly produced from beneath her Indian shawl, gorgeous with golden and dark ruby stripes, a small ivory-bound book, with golden mountings and edges.

It might have been a cabinet edition of a favorite poet—or of penitential hymns.

She raised her eyes as if accidentally, and then let them play full on the pale gray orbs of Colonel de Rougemont, so that the color rushed to his temples, his heart leaped, his blood surged hot through his veins, and his horse reared up on its hind legs, shutting her from his sight, and the carriage moved on.

A hundred yards further on he turned his horse's head, made a gesture of farewell with his riding whip to his companions, and quitted them.

He saw the carriage slowly progressing onward, with Lao seated in it, as unmoved and undisturbed as though she had not seen him, and as if her thoughts were removed from the world and all sublunary things, and he followed at a slow pace, uncertain whether to ride up to the side of the carriage and address her, or to accept the rebuff he met with in Rome, and not hazard a second.

Yet she had certainly acknowledged his involuntary movement to her in the theatre, and that would confer on him the right, at least, to interchange some common-place courtesies with her.

Could he believe his eyes? She certainly rose up from her recumbent position, turned her face over her shoulder backward in his direction, and then she spoke to her coachman. He drew out of the flowing stream of equipages and stopped the carriage by the side of the footpath, and close to the iron railings.

De Rougemont accepted the opportunity which he had the vanity to believe was specially offered him, and within a minute or two reined up his steed by the side of her vehicle, and in his most honeyed phrases expressed the immeasurable delight he felt at meeting her in London.

She returned his greeting in a manner slightly constrained and distant, but her eyes told him as plainly as they could to take no heed of her manner.

He glanced at coachman and groom, and then at her, and her eyes again, as plainly as their language could convey, told him that his quickness of perception was no less than she expected from him.

So, with dancing eyes, but a cool, respectful tone and bearing, he spoke of Rome and its charming society, its gayeties, and its pomps and vanities. He referred to the pleasures they had shared, but discreetly kept in the background the cut direct which he had received from both herself and her husband on the last occasion they had met at the Palazzo Leoni. Then abruptly he said:

"Harcourt was with you at the theatre last night. I thought he looked pale and troubled. He ought to be brimful of plethoric health and bliss to be by your side."

Her lip curled.

"He is my husband," she sneered, in a scarcely audible tone.

"Therefore, inappreciative, exacting, cold, detestable," he answered, with a low laugh, and in a tone as low as her own. "Husbands make execrable lovers; strange is it not? That is why I never married. I would not spoil my style. I think, myself, I should make a stupid husband; nay, I am sure, because I am one of the best lovers in the world."

She slowly raised her eyelids and her lips moved.

"Ardent!" she breathed, softly.

"Passionate," he responded, almost inarticulately.

"Constant?"

"As the sun to its course, the needle to the pole, and all that sort of thing."

"Devoted?"

"A slave—a very slave! The lightest wish of the mistress of my heart is law unalterable to me."

"Faithful?"

"Unto death—to the faithful."

He placed his hand upon his breast and bowed over it.

She laughed satirically.

"Your ritual, eh?" she exclaimed, in a sarcastic tone; "it must be very worn. Poor Constancy, poor Devotion, poor Faith! how many falsehoods have been mercilessly uttered in your names! It is said cowards die many times before their death. How many times do lovers perish for the objects of their sworn affections before they conveniently die at last."

"A—well—after marriage, seldom or never. Before, rather often I apprehend."

She looked up again at him in a way which made his blood boil, and yet a cold awe crept over him.

"How many deaths have you died for love?" she asked, derisively.

"Oh, I—I——" He shrugged his shoulders, and fastened his dreamless gaze upon her. "I never loved until I met you; of course, then, you know, it was too late to go in for constancy and devotion, and all that sort of thing."

"Too late," she repeated, shutting her eyelids down and contracting her brows.

He glanced at the coachman and footman.

"A—you—you comprehend me," he said, a little huskily.

"No," she replied, with a smile; "for when first we met I was a young, unmarried girl, and was vain enough to think not without attractions sufficient to have at least drawn your attention to me. I did not."

"No; impossible!"

"It is true, however," she returned, with an easy *nonchalance*, though her heart was beginning to beat rapidly. "We encountered each other at several parties some twel—some years ago at the Delameres, the St. Maurs, at the Carringtons—a host of places; but you passed me over with supreme indifference."

"I do not remember. Besides, I was then so soft and foolish," he said, deprecatingly, gazing earnestly at her features, as if trying to recollect the period.

"You used to be at that time much with—I think—a college friend, named Tam—Tem—Templin—Temple—some such name."

"Oh—aye—Templemore!"

"Ah! yes, I think, Templemore—that was the name."

"Ye-es—poor Templemore—deyvilish odd history that fellow's. You remember him, Mrs. Harcourt?"

"Well—a—yes—I think I do—a—pale, dark, handsome, I fancy."

"Where's Harcourt, by the way?"

"Away in North Devon; gone to purchase an estate, he said."

"Ha! ha! Of course. Away long?"

"A week or more; cannot say. According to his caprice."

"Oh! That is immense! You are, of course—alone?"

She answered with a look only, but, as if to change the subject, she said:

"You were speaking of Templeton—"

"Templemore," he corrected, showing his white teeth.

He fancied he quite understood her *finesse*, and hugged himself upon it.

"Ah!—yes—Templemore, I believe that really was the name. Strange person—awfully studious. Indeed, I have an impression that a—he—died—a killed himself by—by—over-study."

"Oh, no!"

"No? Not over-study? What—a—what—then occasioned—his—early decease?"

"Nothing that I am aware of—or he either, I fancy. Ha! ha!"

"But—a—he did die!"

This was said quickly, and a little eagerly.

"Not at all!"

"*No?*"

The colonel looked up at her in amazement. Her exclamation was more like a cry of horror than a mere ejaculation.

"No," he iterated, with a slow, questioning look at her amazed expression. "I believe—he—a—did get blown up, or something of that kind, by one of his scientific experiments; but he survived it. In fact, about that time he came into a fortune."

"A fortune?" she echoed, in a husky voice.

"Yes; a splendid income left by a convenient relative, who was unmarried, and had no one else to leave it to. He tossed science after that to the winds, and in a mad sort of way went in a plunger on the Turf. Oh! he is a tremendous fellow that way, I assure you. Fifty thousand in one bet is nothing to him. By the way, I saw him just now riding this way. Cannot be far off, I think. Shall I beckon him up?"

"Not for worlds!" Lao would have said, but she was deprived of speech, of motion—almost of sight.

Not dead! And the owner of a fine fortune. Why, what punishment for her crime could so have tortured her as this announcement?

Colonel De Rougemont suddenly sat high on his horse, and stretched out his neck. He elevated his whip by way of signal.

"*It is he,*" he exclaimed. "Here he comes. *I will call him up, and reintroduce him to you!*"

Lao, on the threshold of a swoon, saw an equestrian riding slowly towards them. As he came near the carriage he turned his face towards her, and fastened his eyes upon her.

That she did not shriek with piercing shrillness at sight of that awful countenance was because she was as powerless as though she were paralyzed.

But, despite the waving of De Rougemont's whip and his welcoming smile, the horseman slowly turned his face away, and rode onward with the silence and immobility of a spectre.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LOVE OF FLOWERS.

The love of flowers seems a naturally implanted passion; without any alloy or debasing object in its motive, the cottage has its pink, its rose and its polyanthus; the villa its dahlia, its clematis and geranium. We cherish them in youth, we admire them in declining years; but perhaps it is the early flowers of spring that always bring with them the greatest degree of pleasure; and our affections seem to expand at the sight of the first blossom under the sunny wall, or sheltered bank, however humble its race may be. In the long and sombre months of winter our love of nature, like the bud of vegetation, seems close and torpid; but, like them, it unfolds and reanimates with the opening year, and we welcome our long-lost associates with a cordiality that no other season can excite, as friends in a foreign clime. The violet of autumn is greeted with none of the love with which we hail the violet of spring; it is unseasonable; perhaps it brings with it rather a sort of melancholy than a joy; we view it with a curiosity, not affection; and thus the late is not like the early rose. With summer flowers we seem to live, as with our neighbors, in harmony and good order; but spring flowers are cherished as private friendships.

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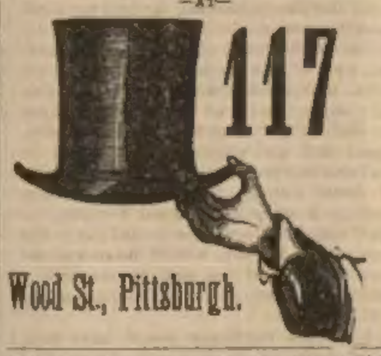

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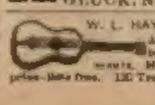

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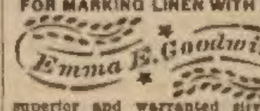

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The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

Among the recent importations of fine costumes for summer wear we were struck with several Grenadine dresses that were shown us. One was so peculiar, that we will describe the entire suit.

The lower skirt was trimmed with three flounces of different widths, each one embroidered in straw—not the stiff straw embroidery that we remember of other days, as shown on Neapolitan hats, velvet headdresses, etc., but of a quality as fine and soft as many silk stuffs. The pattern chosen was a rich but delicate design of fern leaves, and was most artistically done.

The overskirt was a pointed apron, wrought over the entire front with a similar design. The neck widths were straight, wrought only on the edges, and looped to form a bouffant by sashes of straw-colored silk. The basque was a sleeveless one, and very delicately wrought with tiny ferns. The sleeves were of the straw-colored silk to match the sashes, and were puffed from the shoulder to the wrist, each puff divided from the other by a band of black faille ribbon wrought in straw.

It was designed for a dark, handsome brunette with midnight eyes and hair to correspond, and was intended for dinner or evening toilette. The effect by gaslight was Oriental in the extreme, and very stylish.

Next we saw some fine silk grenadines, elaborately wrought, with jet. The apron overskirt, the sleeveless jacket all covered with jet.

These overdresses and jackets are very effective when worn over light silks.

We noticed a very neat costume of summer silk of two shades of gray. The lower skirt had three flounces upon it, the bottom one of plain slate gray, and about ten inches deep; a fine knife pleating or crimping of lighter, more silvery gray trimmed this in turn. Above this deep flounce was a narrower one, knife pleated on, of the light gray, then a dark one, simply gathered, and finished at the top with a standing ruffle. The overdress was shirred in front, and had the front and side widths of the light gray; sashes of the dark, edged with a fine crimping of the light, finished the back.

There were puffed sleeves of the dark gray, a sleeveless jacket of the light, with postillion sack, and collar and revers of the dark. Hat to accompany this suit was of light gray chip, trimmed with a soft scarf of the dark gray, and two clusters of apple blossoms in front, resting upon a pale blue bandeau; a similar cluster at the back and two closely curled ostrich tips of blue.

A suit for a little boy of six years old was shown us, among the Parisian importations. It was of pale drab-colored barathea. It had a kilt skirt jacket and vest. The kilted skirt was deeply pleated, and the plats stitched flat to the belt; straps pass over the shoulders to support the weight of the skirt.

A long Louis Quatorze vest, buttoned with small smoked pearl buttons, and a deep jacket, with fronts sloped away; knickerbocker pants gathered into a band and fastened below the knee, complete the suit.

Box pleated blouse waist dresses, are very fashionable for children this season. It is made skirt and waist in one. Three box pleats, one laid in the back and front, each pleat two inches, or two and a half inches wide. The pleats are sewed and pressed down as far as the belt, and then left open. The sash is worn low down on the hips; the sleeve is simply half-tight-fitting, and a sailor collar finishes the neck.

For smaller children, yoke slips, or French yoke dresses are very popular. The yoke is made of tucks and insertion. The material for summer wear is generally chosen of white Nainsook or Bishop's lawn, and bright sashes, either plain colors or the soft plaid Louisine silk one, worn to brighten the costume.

There has been a great fancy lately for brown stockings and brown sashes worn with white dresses, even for small children. We cannot commend the fancy, for bright sashes and ribbons seem naturally to belong to the dear little human blossoms.

We have seen some charming hats and caps for the small folks. One, for a baby, had a soft crown, very much puffed, of the most delicate tint of blue silk, covered with the sheerest organdy muslin; a frill of blue silk, put on in small box plaits, formed a sort of rim to the dainty little chapeau; above this rim was a fall of Mechlin lace. A band of silk encircled the crown, and a row of lace within it; at the left side a rosette of the lace and cluster of wild roses and tiny pink buds. Nothing could have been more appropriate and charming than it was for the rosy little wearer, a plump blonde of six summers.

We saw a round hat, for a larger child, of yellow straw, turned up in front, trimmed with a scarlet scarf.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Among the recent importations are shown some of the daintiest little muslin aprons for morning wear, slashed and trimmed with Valenciennes lace and bright bows of ribbon.

Broad flats of Leghorn and chip, trimmed with a wide scarf, and with the rim bent down back and front, are fashionable for seaside and country wear again.

Fine mitts, of black and white netted silk twist, are said to be worn abroad—for the evening and to the opera.

Velvet ribbons embroidered in bright colors are used for trimming the hats of girls of from eight to fourteen.

Black satin fans, ornamented with different colored monograms and crests, are quite the rage.

Small English jackets, of white Turkish toweling, buttoned with pearl buttons, will be very fashionable for morning walks on the beach, or in the country.

Lovely sets of coralline, so artistically colored and carved as to equal coral in appearance, are shown.

The newest shade of glove for evening wear is the palest tint of green, with the seams embroidered down the back in dark green.

Three-cornered handkerchiefs for the neck are made of soft black net, entirely covered with fine jet beads and edged with beaded blonde lace.

Open worked silk stockings, in pale flesh tints are *en regle* for evening toilette.

Ladies with prettily shaped heads are returning to the low Greek coiffure and finely cut high shell or jet black combs.

Fruit blossoms are a favorite trimming for black and white chip bonnets.

They show pink and blue handkerchiefs nowadays.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

LETTY AND TINY—May make their pearl gray silks with deep shirred flounce at the bottom of lower skirt, two knife pleatings above that. Deep pointed apron overdresses, edged with fine knife plaiting, side pleated waists or postillion basques, puffed sleeves, standing ruff around the neck, sash ends at the back of overskirt, looped to form a bouffant. Wear bright neckties.

MRS. M. R. L.—Your two samples are of debege, and will make a very pretty suit. Have three ruffles on the lower skirt, alternately gathered and knife-plaited on. Let the overskirt be deep and full, and edge with worsted fringe or else knife plaiting. Have a plain cuirass basque with postillion back. Trim the sleeves with knife plaiting. Get a black chip hat for yourself and trim with either a creamy white or steel gray scarf. Cluster of tea roses in front and at the back, or else a spray of hawthorn buds and blossoms. Get a white chip or fine English straw for your brunette daughter; line the brim with cardinal red silk, wreath of jasamine and dentzia on the outside, with long ends of two inch wide black velvet ribbon.

NIXON.

THE THREE SINGERS.

Singers three earth's echoes waken,
Thrilling early, lingering late:
Hearts rejoicing, hearts forsaken,
Hear those choristers of fate.

Plumed with orient light and glory,
Carols Hope her matins clear:
How her bright celestial story
Charms awaking childhood's ear!

Hark! the fuller music gushing
From you dim, sequestered grove;
Youth is there, and Beauty, blushing,
Lists the melodies of Love.

But the light fades off the meadows,
And the woodland paths grow gray:
Now from out the deep'ning shadows
Sorrow pours her lonely lay.

Hope—the eastern skies soon darken;
Love—the noon-glow lasts not long;
But the star-crowned angels hearken,
And remember Sorrow's song.

ENTOMBED.

A DETECTIVE'S EXPERIENCE.

BY CAPTAIN CARNER.

The air-line, or lightning express, brought these words down from Harney:

"I have a case for you, Mic; come up, no hard work—a real soft job this time;" and leaping on board the 6.30 train, I went up to M——. Harney met me at the station, and says he, leading the way to a dingy little office in town, and talking in his odd style, with his teeth gripping the stem of his meerschaum:

"Now for particulars. You remember Rolf Donald?"

"The superannuated banker?"

"Bless your soul, yes. Less than a year ago he fell under an evil. He married a well-kept, scheming widow. How under the blue heavens she managed it, to induce him to increase his family expenses with his miserly instincts, is beyond my comprehension, unless some famous, or infamous, love-philter were introduced, I cannot conceive. Things, it seems, went fairly enough with them until a few months since, when he became outrageously jealous of her and a certain friend of hers then visiting them. Then he took sick, off and on, sent for a doctor, consulted, then had Putnam up to make his will, and deeded his entire estate, conditionally, to his wife.. Donald, however, reserved a long, narrow, metallic box, which was to be buried with him—unopened, undisturbed. He dwindled on, madam rather overdoing the assiduous.

"By-and-by, the doctor, who had left late in the evening, was hastily resummoned in the morning to pronounce the old man dead, while madam went into extacies of grief. Dr. Giles shook his head, and said that he had gone out like a candle, as it were—sudden, sudden."

"When was this?"

"He was buried this morning, and I want you to watch inside the tomb to-night, as I am convinced that there will be an attempt made to rob the coffin of the metallic box."

"Who——"

"Sir Mustachoes, of course, at madam's instigation."

"Why not watch there yourself?"

"That's it, exactly—why not? Because I am in the direct line of heirship, my mother being a Donald; so in case I, unassisted, attempted to implicate them in conspiracy, robbery, murder, it would smack of malice aforethought."

"Your plans then?" for his reasons were conclusive.

"Early in the evening we will go out to the suburban cemetery. You will go into the family tomb of the Donalds, and silently await developments. Mark the intruder so that you can swear to his identity, and should you succeed in criminating the pair, I will remember you when I come into my kingdom; meanwhile these two saw-horses," presenting me with two ten dollar bills, "should reconcile you to the unpleasantness of the situation."

The night came on thick, murky, and with anything but an exhilarating atmosphere. I fancied that I could have lain in the tomb with better relish could I have pictured a moonlighted scene outside; but were Harney's suspicions correct, the night was made to order for the robbers.

We went out of the city by the western road, crossing the —— river by way of the covered bridge, and the gurgle and guzzle of the water beneath sounded, for all the world, like some live thing drinking heavily.

We had deemed it wiser to be on foot, so as not to arouse suspicion if anyone were lurking around. We went on silently, as Harney's voice had a peculiarity of intonation that would risk recognition. The cemetery was nearly surrounded by a heavy growth of pines, which even in the calmness had a weird rushing and whispering in their dark recesses. We leaped the palings, and with arms stretched out before us, began our blind walk among the graves. Where there were tombstones we made safe progress, where there were none we stumbled over the "cradle knolls." Cradle knolls—happy thought! for in these cradles the sleepers lie undisturbed by fitful dreams.

This disagreeable game of "blind man's buff" went on for some time ere we came to the tomb. Harney fitted the key into the rusty lock, letting me through the portal with this exhilarating instruction:

SHADOWS OVER THE WAY.

The Honeymoon and Twenty years married.

"Feel along carefully—it's roomy, and you will find the berths mostly occupied on the right hand side, but there's a comfortable gap on the left. Hide there. Keep perfectly quiet, for God's sake, as any unexpected dash of his might fasten the spring lock, and no one knows what he might do if driven to desperation. I go to Belmont on the 9.30 train, but will be here early in the morning to take you out to breakfast."

The door was closed and locked, and I was entombed. The air, owing to the recent opening, was not bad, besides a sort of wheel-shaped slide was open above the portal. I felt my way along by the shelves where rested the coffins of the Donald family. There were terribly suggestive smells of earthiness, and new varnish, and mould. By the fresh scent of the varnish I knew when I passed the coffin of the late banker. A little farther on I sat down, placing a bit of broken bier between me and the damp earth.

"Soft job!" I mentally soliloquized, as the silence and darkness of that solemn place brooded over me; "if I live to get out again, I will explain some things to Harney."

I had scarcely disposed of myself when the disgusting "grit, grit, grate," of gnawing rats began in a far corner. The sound and my disgust of the sharp-nosed, yellow-teethed vermon, caused me to attempt springing to my feet. A sharp remonstrance from the corner of a coffin above my head admonished me to sit down again. But the movement had somehow set afloat a dust of choking, bitter mould, and it was torture to restrain a coughing fit.

Then followed solemn speculations concerning the people here congregated in the bed-chamber of death. Was there envy and malice among them? No leer of the eye, no scornful toss of the head, no scathing irony could make uncomfortable another's pillow nor his dreams. Every face with its fixed expression was laid down below his neighbor's scanning or criticism.

Was there sacrificing affection? Was there undying love felt for another? None could stretch out the comforting hand and kindly ask, "Are you cold, or weary?"

So intensely was my mind occupied with this solemn imaginary, that a faint, steady, distinct movement somewhere in the tomb failed to arouse me to the alarming circumstance, until the stiff, slow, dragging noise had been repeated.

But it was so incomprehensible that I could get but one idea—that it was a corpse turning in its coffin. Again I leaped up; again, on the same side of my head as before, I was sharply admonished by the coffin to remain seated.

Had I been near the recently entombed banker, I should have seized the idea that he was alive and struggling within his shroud; but a moment's reasoning convinced me to the contrary. The sound was too guarded, too distinct, to be made by a person screwed within a coffin.

I listened breathlessly for a repetition of the noise, but it came not. Then I tried to analyze it. How could a rat have produced the sound? What could be be dragging about? It was like the hauling up of a woman's dress, or robe. If it would come again, I thought that I could make it out. It did come fainter, but I could take my oath that it was among the coffins above my head. Bah! rats banqueting—bist! I had nearly spoken it aloud. There was a sound outside, faint, but distinguishable to me, as when one is in a cellar and there is tramping over head. Some one is coming.

It was unspeakable relief to hear the key grate in the lock, and to know that a living mortal—although a midnight thief and assassin, perhaps—was about to enter the tomb.

Cautiously, with the movements of a panther, he entered—a man with a heavy beard and moustache. He carried a dark lantern, which he sat upon a projection near the new coffin, and fumbling 'neath his cloak, in a moment produced a screwdriver and began operations on the fastenings, having first softly closed the door. I watched every movement; saw him raise the lid and glance within; saw him give a nervous start and reach out for the lantern to turn its light more fully upon the corpse. He then recoiled with such quick and unexpected horror that he knocked the light from his hand, extinguishing it, and stumbling on some slight unevenness of the floor, he fell against the closed door, and the sharp click struck like a knife into my heart. The spring-lock had fastened the dead and the living in together.

I heard a muffled thud upon the earth, a howl of horror, and then, God of the universe! down came a coffin from over my head with a dab, and with a clammy sweat oozing at every pore, under the shelf of rock, I listened to the diabolical hubbub in that charnel house. Knowing that I was not in an incubus state, I believed that I had gone mad. Utter darkness enveloped the unearthly combatants, but I could imagine the whole scene. The racket, the hubbub, and choking, bitter dust around me, convinced me that not only had the coffin above me leaped from its perch, but others also were joined in the fray, waltzing on the feet end, wringing their lids at each other, and butting their heads! It was too much for mortal mind to endure. I should have shouted, but what good would my voice have done amid the dull thumping and sepulchral, hingless coughs.

Seized with a mad impulse to know the worst, I came out from my covert and groped and grappled for something in the open space; but my feet tangled in a shroud beneath them, and plunging and stumbling I fell clear along the whole distance of the tomb, striking the wall just as another, a child's casket, rushed into the fight.

Then ensued a frightful silence—a silence so awful and complete, that I should have deemed all that had taken place before the horrors of a dream, had it not been for the suffocating dust that rendered breathing convulsive and painful.

For a long time this silence lasted—it seemed an age. Perhaps it was an hour when that stealthy, crawling movement began. The robber, doubtless, ignorant of the fact of the spring-lock, was seeking egress at the door.

Stunned as I had been by my fall, I could only lie still, as the terrible warfare again began with fiercer fury than before. Had I known which way to move, or what to take hold of, I should have once more attempted to mingle in the tumult.

This tussle seemed only a faint spasm of the other, for it soon died down again, and the early dawn of the summer day must be at hand, but invisible, if the clouds were piled upon each other as thickly as in the evening.

Half suffocated, feeling that I was imbibing in pinches of snuff the whole Donald pedigree, I impatiently, savagely awaited Harney's return.

What if business should keep him, or he should quite forget my case? I was obliged to banish the idea, the while that I expected momentarily an attack from the corpses around. By-and-by the key grated in the lock, a crevice of the door was opened, letting in the gray dawn of a clearing sky.

"Mic," called Harney's well-known voice, "are you asleep?"

There was such a rushing and stumbling inside, that he caught the door to again with a snap.

"Mic, for God's sake what is it?"

"A general resurrection," I gasped, struggling for the door. "For the love of heaven fling it open, let me out, and give me a pistol!"

Then ranging myself alongside the portal, while Harney palsied with astonishment stood heroically by my side, I challenged:

"The live man first, and then one corpse at a time."

Mustachoes made a dash, but we tripped him; then the old banker, simply trimmed with a shroud, and Dr. Giles, looking extremely foolish, gasping, coughing and sneezing, reeled along in company with his late patient.

As a revelation of the possibilities of the case burst upon my mind, I should have exploded with laughter, had we not so nearly suffered a stifling death, and then my righteous indignation at the "soft job."

A few moments will explain matters. The crafty old man, Donald, had endured dosing and this severe test to set his mind at rest concerning the character of his wife and her friend. Giles, uneasy at the effect of his sleeping potion given to the supposed dead man, had ensconsed himself in the tomb, his patient providing him with a key for this purpose, to minister to him if anything unlooked for should occur; while Harney, on his own responsibility, had got up a little side show. Giles, in torture at being unable to make out my business or identity, had undergone excruciating cramp, and made some little movement, which I had heard. Not liking the damp ground, he had perched himself upon a shelf above the coffins, and when the thief, startled at the half-open eyes of the corpse, thought to look again, and discovered them wide open and glaring, and had dashed backward, the old banker angrily, but unwisely, leaped out and engaged in a hand to hand encounter.

I came out the best of any of them through a miracle of good fortune, as Giles' leap, dislodging as he did the coffin upon which he sat, would have endangered the life of one not born under a lucky planet, as, in its fall, it grazed my skull.

The tomb certainly must have presented a disturbed appearance, when the old banker sent some workmen up for repairs. Probably Dr. Giles' precaution for his own safety, sliding back a long, damper-like strip over the portal, had saved us from suffocation by the dust kicked up in the scuffle.

The baffled Sir Mustachoes and the discomfitted and disappointed wife flitted to parts unknown, leaving Harney to his legitimate heirship. He did remember me, to the extent that I had a thriving business opening in numerous dangerous undertakings, where, too often, my emotions of gratitude at escaping with my life was all the pay the world allowed me.

I took time to tell Harney every particular of that night's performance. I told it in Roman Italics, too, after I had got the mould out of my hair, and found that I was not white headed; and for months afterwards, if I wanted to set the fellow almost into hysterics, I had only to ask him if he had any more "soft jobs" on hand?

WEAR A SMILE.—Which will you do, smile, and make others happy, or be crabbed, and make everybody around you miserable? You can live among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire, surrounded by bogs and frogs. The amount of happiness which you can produce is incalculable, if you will show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words and a fretful disposition, you can make hundreds unhappy almost beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your eye, and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a true act or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your daily business.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to WALKER, REED & Co., Proprietors SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 726 SANSOM Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—At Last. The Suicide. A Texan Adventure. An Hour of Peril. Mothers-in-law. The Sealed Packet. Song of the Pioneer. "I give thee all, my dearest." Moonlight on the Ocean.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

ALPHA.—The meaning of the motto "Palmam qui meruit ferat," is "Let him bear the palm (of honor) who has deserved it."

SHANNONAUN.—Kissing the blarney-stone is said to confer peculiar powers of flattery upon the person who has performed that ceremony.

MRS. E. A. N. (Westport).—Read over our answer to C. H. B. again, and you will see you are wrong. It is a puzzle to us how you come to the conclusion you do.

J. C. W.—The three largest cities in the world, according to the latest figures at our command, are London, Paris and Pekin. The populations of each are respectively, 3,251,804; 1,899,882; and 1,500,000.

A. G.—To preserve your picture and mirror frames from being spotted by flies in the coming summer, a very simple way is to paint them over with a brush dipped into a liquid made by boiling three or four onions in a pint of water. The flies will not settle on the frames.

GREEN HILL.—Rain is produced by the condensation of the particles of vapor in the upper regions of the atmosphere; clouds are nothing more than vapor, expanded by heat. They rise to the cold regions of the skies, where the particles of vapor lose their heat, and then, uniting in drops, fall to the earth.

T. E. F. (Philadelphia).—You will be no doubt glad to hear your request has been anticipated by us, and that next week we shall begin the publication of the promised story by your favorite author, Mrs. Henry Wood. You will see the announcement on the fourth page of this number.

A. (Clarksville, Texas).—It would be impossible for us to answer your questions in the short space here at our disposal, but if you will send us fifty cents we will send you a small pamphlet entitled, "$250 a year, How I make it by my Bees," which will give you the fullest information on all the different points you have mentioned.

H. F.—Beauty does sometimes succeed in catching a husband; but if you depend solely upon your beauty to accomplish such a purpose, it may betray you. A young lady who has such notions as your letter indicates you have, would not be very apt to win a sensible husband, unless she reform her notions considerably.

EVVIE.—No one, who is a perfect stranger to you, can answer such a question, "how long it would take you to master music with constant practice, your age being eighteen?" Some persons have a quick ear and a keen taste, and could learn as much in six months as others could in two years. All depends on the amount of talent, the power of application, and the quickness of intelligence.

J. W. R. (Maquoketa).—"We have had quite an argument about whether the apple was really the fruit that Eve ate in the Garden of Eden, and as you seem to know everything, we have concluded to ask you." The apple is nowhere mentioned in the Bible in connection with the Garden of Eden, and the first mention of it in the Bible is in Proverbs xxv: 11, where Solomon says, "Like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Nor is there any probability that the apple here referred to is the same as that now known by this name. Grapes and pomegranates were mentioned in the Bible long before apples.

M. H. S. asks: "Do you think it would be well and proper for a young couple, both aged eighteen, to make an engagement which cannot be fulfilled until at least four years from now, each loving the other and being willing to enter into such an engagement? Also, what kind of a ring would be most suitable for an engagement ring, and on what finger should it be worn?" We think it as well for you to wait. Keep good friends, and learn to know yourselves; and write to us again early in 1879 about the ring, and we will then give you the very latest information as to what kind of a ring and the proper finger.

J. E. T.—To remove sunburn: Beat up one ounce of bleached bitter almonds in one pint of soft water; strain through a muslin cloth, and apply to the face. 2. To whiten the hands: Mix together one ounce of Venice soap, one ounce of lemon juice, and half an ounce each of oil of bitter almonds and oil of tartar; stir it till it has attained the consistency of soup, and wash your hands with it in the ordinary manner. 3. To remove dandruff: Dissolve a thimbleful of refined borax in a cup of water, and then, after well brushing the hair with a dry brush, dip it into the mixture and apply it. A daily application will speedily remove the accumulation.

W. G.—Printing from wooden blocks was practiced by the Chinese above two thousand years ago, but the art of printing as now practiced from single types, is generally awarded to Peter Schoeffer, who *cast* them in 1452. John Guttenberg, however, may well dispute the palm with Schoeffer, for he *cut* single types as early as 1444, and printed with them the earliest edition of the Bible, which was published in 1460. William Caxton is always considered the father of English printing. We give verbatim the title of the first work printed in England: "THE GAME AND PLAYE OF THE CHESSE. *Translated out of the Frenche, and emprynted by me, William Caxton. Fynyshed the last day of Marche, the yer of our Lord a thousand foure hondred and lxxiiij.*"

ORNATOR.—The word "Pennills," which you did not understand, is not much known on this side of the Atlantic, being a name given to a variety of stanzas on different subjects in the ancient Welsh languages, handed down by oral record from father to son. These pennills are sung at parties got up for the purpose in Wales, where, of course, they have one harper at least. One person commences, after two or three bars have been played of any tune the harper may happen to play, with as many pennills as will fill out the melody, adapting them to the air as he goes on. He is joined as he proceeds by as many others as may choose, and the effect is very social and inspiring, as the company can sing or not as they please. The pennills are mostly in praise of the harp, Wales, the Welsh tongue, and other national subjects.

QUEEN OF THE MAY (Paterson, N. J.)—Asks us for our opinion as to the "propriety or otherwise of early marriages." We cannot say that we are either the advocates or opponents of early marriages. They have this chance in their favor that, the habits of both parties not being as yet fixed, there is a greater probability of persons accommodating themselves to each other than they would at a later period of life. Young people are ductile and soonest become alike in character; but very young people are generally devoid of tact, and are too romantic. Hence very young people do not as frequently form happy marriages as those a little older. And as old bachelors and old maids are sometimes too stubbornly fixed in their habits and prejudices to assimilate easily, marriages between such are not always very happy ones. So, looking at this much vexed question, we come to the conclusion that the best time to marry is between these two extremes.

ROSE.—The only sure remedy for warts of which we know is nitrate of silver (lunar caustic). A piece prepared in a quill may be obtained at any drug store. Rub the warts with a corn-file, or scrape the top off with a pen-knife (*not cutting*), and touch with the caustic night and morning. The black stain will wear off, and the wart disappear with a few applications. Strong aromatic vinegar, applied the same way, will produce the desired results, without staining the skin, but the effect is not so rapid.

KATE KEARNEY.—"Notre Dame," by which we presume you mean the cathedral of that name in Paris, signifies the church of "Our Lady." This cathedral is a history in itself. On its site a temple existed in the time of the Romans; it was afterwards converted into a church, A. D. 364, and was rebuilt and enlarged about 520. It was reconstructed by King Robert, and gained its present name in the first year of the eleventh century. During the next two hundred years it underwent many improvements, the last being made by the Duke of Burgundy, in expiation of the crime he committed in assassinating the Duke of Orleans.

SHAMROCK.—"I would like to know what was the origin of the custom of placing crape on the door of a house where there has been a recent death. I think I saw something about it once in the POST, but I don't file my paper, so cannot look back to find it. As I am a very old subscriber, I hope you will answer this question." The custom of placing crape on the door of a house where a person has died evidently had its origin in the ancient heraldric customs of the Anglo-Saxon race, and is as old as the time of Henry I, of England, who reigned from A. D. 1100 to 1135. Even at that early period hatchments of armorial ensigns were placed in front of houses when the nobility and gentry died. These hatchments were of diamond shape, and contained the family arms, quartered and colored with sable, in such a manner that the spectator at a glance could tell what branch of the family was dead.

W. H. A. writes: "Being one of your constant readers, I have come to you for advice under the following circumstances: I have been engaged to a young man for some time past, and for some reason unknown to myself, he asked me to consent to a secret marriage with him. I refused, telling him I could not displease my parents by doing so, but that I knew they would consent to his marrying me publicly. Since then he has not been to see me, nor has he written for now over two months. I met him but once, and he only bowed to me. I have written, but have received no reply. Please advise me what to do, and if I am free to accept another offer I have received?" You should consider yourself very fortunate indeed in having escaped from a man who could treat you in such a manner. Depend upon it, he had some improper motive in what he asked, or, he would not have been averse to a public marriage when you told him, and he knew that your parents were agreeable to one. You are certainly perfectly at liberty to accept another offer, and should cast him from your mind forever.

F. L. R. (Conneaut, Ohio).—"Which are the best trees for ornamental purposes?" Although to answer your question will take up rather more of our space than perhaps is quite fair to devote to one correspondent, still, as we feel sure the answer will be of great interest to hundreds of others of our readers who are desirous of planting trees and beautifying their grounds, we give herewith a list of some of the most desirous ornamental trees, both evergreen and deciduous, and also a list of a few of the most useful and effective ornamental shrubs. Beautiful trees and shrubs constitute the fine furniture of our gardens and lawns, and no matter how beautiful our dwelling houses may be, there will be a barrenness in the surroundings if there are not some trees and shrubs planted judiciously. The following is a list of the more prominent: Deciduous ornamental trees: Acacia, yellow locust, alder, beech, elm, horse chestnut, laburnum, or golden chain, linden, magnolia, maple, mountain ash, oak, sweet gum, tulip tree, thorn, hawthorn, yellow wood, willow. Evergreen trees and shrubs: Arbor vitæ, cypress, juniper, pine, silver fir, spruce fir. Ornamental shrubs: Almond, sweet shrub, dogwood, golden bell, lilac, purple fringe, Japan quince.

DOC.—"I am going to ask you what you may think a very silly question, but a friend and I were talking the matter over the other day, and we could not agree. It is this: Is ice-water ice fresh or salt?" We do not think the question by any means a silly one, for there is considerable difference of opinion on this point. There is a very general impression that water, in the process of freezing, excludes substances held in solution, as it does spirits of wine for instance. Professor Tyndall, in one of his works says, "Even when water is saturated with salt, the crystallizing force studiously rejects the salt, and devotes itself to the congelation of the water alone. Hence the ice of sea-water, when melted, produces fresh water." In contradiction to this scientific theory, Dr. Rae, the well-known Arctic traveler, declares, as the result of his experience in endeavoring to obtain fresh water by melting sea-ice, that he was "never able to find sea-ice, *in situ*, either eatable when solid or drinkable when thawed, it being invariably too salt." He says, nevertheless, that when his party found rough ice, projecting a foot or two above the water level, which, from its wasted appearance and irregular form, was inferred to be the product of a previous winter, it was always fresh, and gave good drinking water when thawed. He suggests, as a probable explanation of this, that the salt is not actually incorporated with the solid ice, but remains as a concentrated brine, in minute cells, imprisoned in the frozen mass, and that these cells communicate with each other, so that when the ice is lifted above the general level it is slowly drained off. He suggests that the truth of this theory may be experimentally tested by any expedition passing one or more winters in the Arctic Ocean, or by any one living where sea-ice in considerable thickness is formed. We should think that the question might be tested without going quite so far.

D. S. M. (Pottsville). The metre is the common standard of the French decimal system of weights and measures. The length of a metre is fixed at 443.296 *lignes*, equal to 39.37079 of our inches. It is the unit of length; the *are*, which is equal to 100 square metres, is the unit of square measure; the *litre*, which is the thousandth part of a cubic metre, is the unit of capacity, and the *gramme* (or as is sometimes spelled *gram*), which is the weight of one millionth part of a cubic metre of water at its greatest density, is the unit of weight. Thus the metre is the standard of verification of all weights and measures. A cubic metre of water weighs 1,000 000 grammes; a litre of water weighs 1,000 grammes, and is called a *kilogramme*. All weights and measures increase and decrease decimally. Thus, ten metres are a *decametre*, one hundred metres are a *hectometre*, one thousand are a *kilometre*, and ten thousand are a *myriametre*. One-tenth of a metre is called a *decimetre*; one hundredth, a *centimetre*; one thousandth, a *millimetre*. The gramme is reckoned the same way, and also the litre, except that there is no *myrialitre*. This system makes the reckoning of weights and measures as easy as the United States money, and it is as easily learned (except the names) by children. Scientific men have found no cause for attempting any improvement on the system, and it is generally called perfect. It is gradually coming into general use in all European countries (except Great Britain, which is always averse to any change), and is now the system generally in use everywhere by scientific men. By act of Congress in 1866, it was made a legal system here, but its use was not made compulsory. We give the equivalents of these measures in United States measure. The *metre* is 39.37 inches; the *kilometre*, .62137 of a mile. The *are* is 119.6 square yards; the *hectare* is 2.471 acres. The *litre* is 1.0567 wine quarts; the *hectolitre* is 26.417 gallons. The *gramme* is 15.432 grains Troy; the *hectogramme* is 3.5274 ounces avoirdupois; the *kilogramme* is 2.2046 pounds. From these data it will be easy to reckon the equivalents of the figures given in scientific tables, and obtain correct ideas of their relative values. The values of the *metre*, *litre* and *kilogramme* (1,000 *grammes*) can easily be learned, and when once you get these fixed in your mind you should have no difficulty in reading foreign or scientific papers.

MISCELLANEOUS.—D. W. G.—New Zealand is about sixteen thousand miles distant from Great Britain; its climate is considered preferable to that of Australia. A. S.—Stoutness of the body is for the most part constitutional. H. A. W.—We recommend you to reconsider the matter. You are far too young to undertake such a serious responsibility. DOLLARS AND CENTS.—The glaze you speak of is imparted to laundry work by means of melted white wax being mixed with the starch before the starch is used. F. W. K.—For a gathering in the ear, very often a toasted fig applied to the ear by way of a poultice, is found very serviceable. EDWARD.—You cannot, by taking thought, add anything to your stature, you know, so just be satisfied with yourself as you are. R. S.—We cannot discover anything like what your fancy represented in the phrase in question, and are certain nothing of the kind was intended. H. J. B.—Your letter is very well composed, but there is room for improvement in the handwriting. IONE.—The 28th September, 1847, fell on Tuesday. PHILO.—We do not remember the receipt you mention. VIOLET.—We are sorry to say we have no opening for a new contributor in the department you name. W. S.—You are wrong. A rook is not the young of a crow, but an independent species. The rook is of the crow *genus*, but not a crow itself. J. MORGAN.—The word *trousseau* is pronounced as if spelled *trooso-so*. H. M. H.—Where there is a natural tendency for the whiskers to grow, their growth may be promoted by daily shaving for awhile.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*